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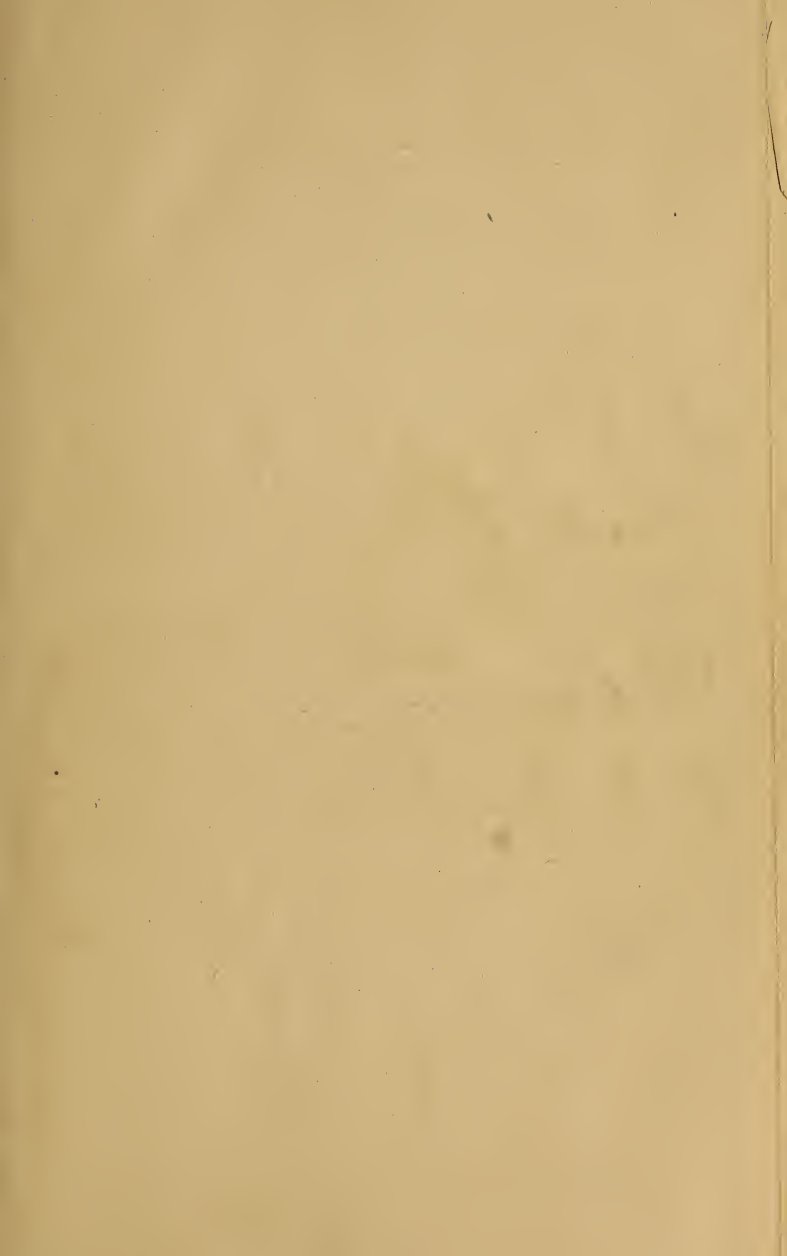


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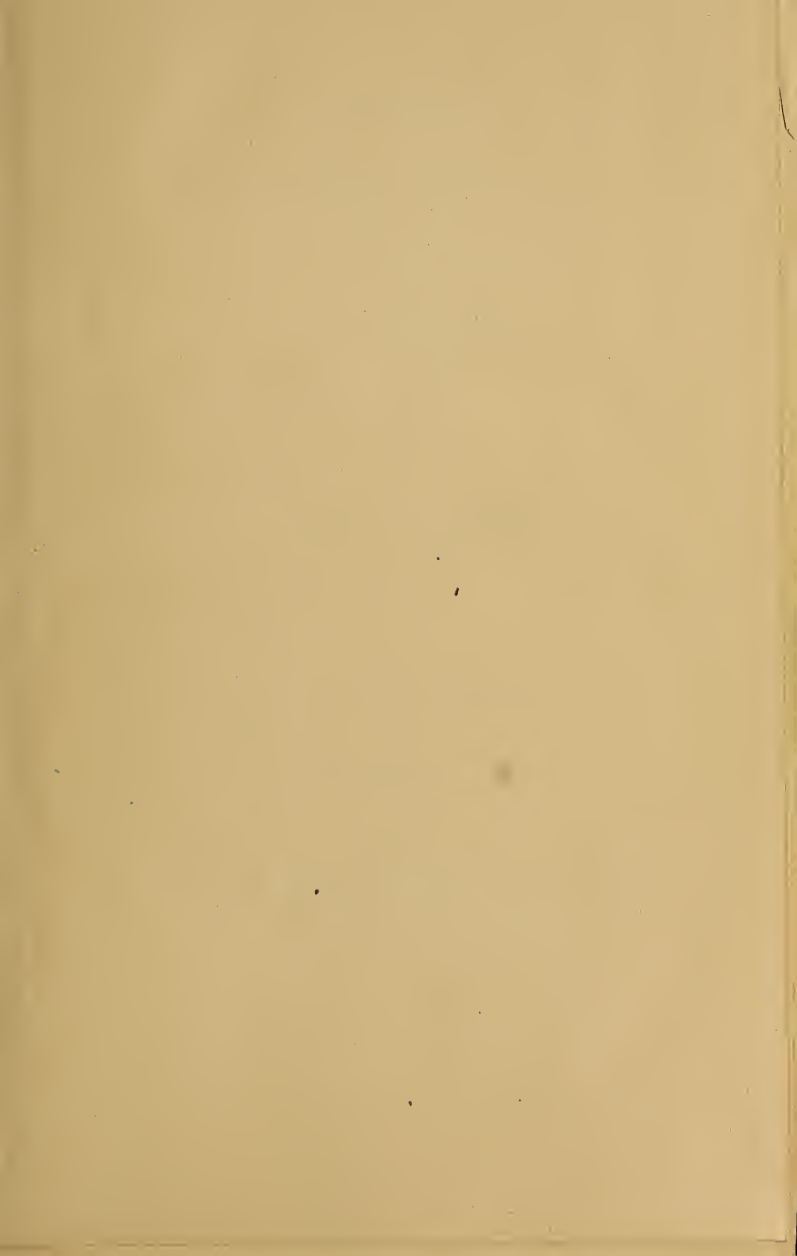
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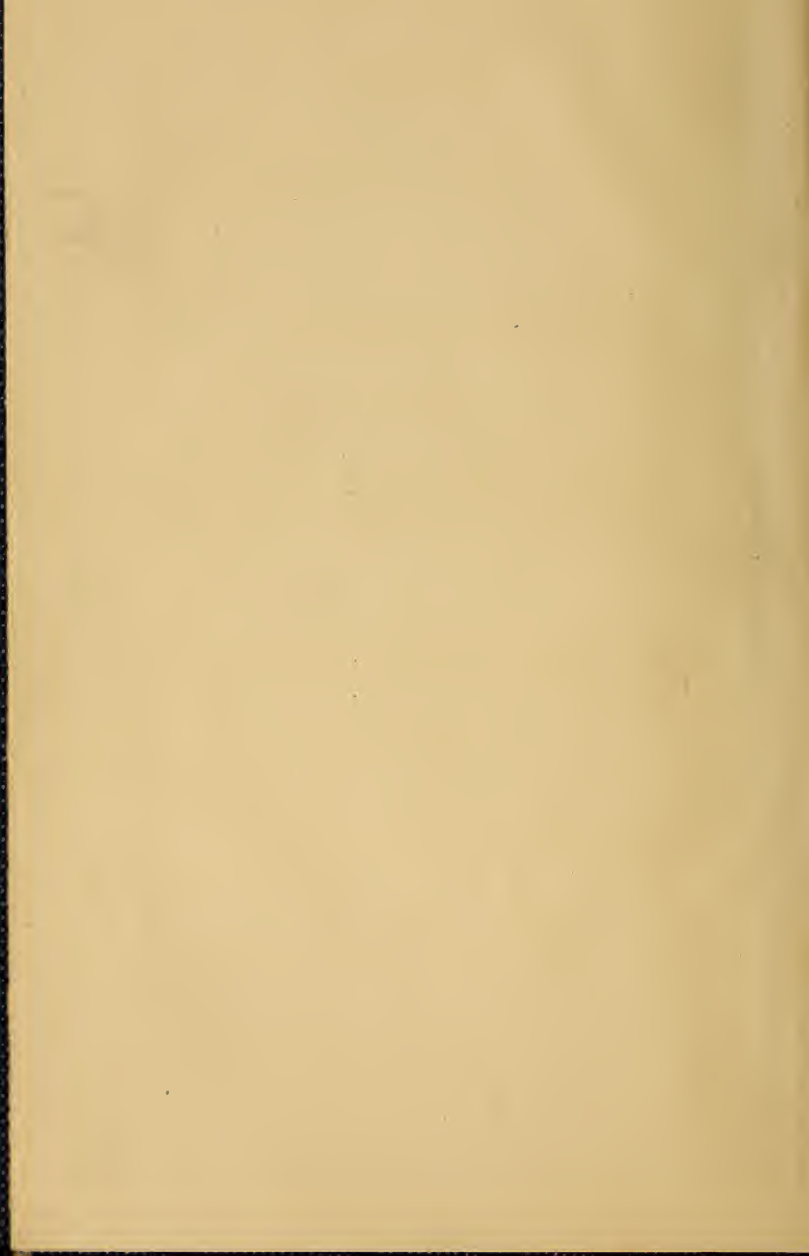
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**POEMS**  
**AND OTHER WRITINGS,**

BY

THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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LIFE  
OF  
EDWARD RUSHTON.

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THOUGH the author of the following memoir is decidedly of opinion, that the intrinsic merit of the Poems contained in this little volume, fully justifies the favour of the public, which has called for their re-publication, he is at the same time persuaded that they will derive an additional interest from a faithful narrative of the unpromising circumstances in which they were produced. He trusts, also, that the reader will not rise unimproved from the contemplation of the portraiture of a man of native talent and unbending mind, struggling with difficulties and conquering them,—cultivating his intellectual powers in the midst of penury, rendered more hopeless by the loss of sight,—by his prudent industry rising above his distresses, and gradually advancing to a competency in his worldly circumstances, with which he was contented.

Edward Rushton was born at Liverpool on the 13th of November, 1756. His father, Thomas Rush-ton, had been originally brought up to the business of a hair dresser; in which, having saved a little money, he doubtless, in his own opinion, and in that of his neighbours, rose a degree in the order of society, by becoming a dealer in spirits. That he was a man of some cultivation of mind is evinced by a Poem entitled "Party Dissected, or Plain Truth by a Plain Dealer," which he published in the year 1770. This poem contains some good lines and some nervous passages; but, like the works of most uneducated writers, it is extremely irregular, and deficient in exact taste. As the title indicates, its subject is political,—and it is written in a high tone of Toryism, loyally ascribing the discontents of the time to envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness; and ridiculing in a vein of happy satire, the inveterate propensity of English handicraftsmen, to suspend their several employments for the more interesting occupation of settling affairs of state.

When his son Edward had attained his sixth year, he procured for him admittance into that department of the Free School of Liverpool, where the education of youth is limited to English reading, writing, and arithmetic. In these branches of knowledge the juvenile pupil made a steady and satisfactory progress. Among



in a state of hopeless blindness—his bodily energies virtually annihilated—and his mental progress obstructed—knowledge being to him “at one entrance quite shut out.”

His father's conduct, in sparing no expense in his attempt to procure, by medical aid, an alleviation of his calamity, evinced that he was then actuated by the kindness of parental feelings. But in giving even a sketch of Mr. Rushton's life, it is the painful duty of his biographer to state, that this kindness did not continue long. Mr. Rushton's mother being dead, his father had married a second wife, a woman of considerable talent, but of a most violent temper. She looked with the eye of a step mother on the children of the first marriage; and though the younger Mr. Rushton was treated by her with some degree of consideration, an interference on his part to prevent the ill treatment of one of his sisters, so strongly excited the indignation of his father, that, helpless as he was, he banished him from his house, and doomed him to subsist as he could, on the miserable allowance of four shillings a week.

To point out by enlargement the wretchedness of this situation were to insult the feelings of the reader. It was surely calculated to overwhelm a man of an ordinary mind. But Mr. Rushton was not a man of an ordinary mind. He was endued with a spirit which

prompted him to grapple with difficulties, and to encounter the storms of life without dismay. In his extremity, the kindness of an aunt had accommodated him with an apartment; but the scantiness of her means disabled her from rendering him any other assistance. He was, therefore, compelled to provide himself with food by the allowance allotted to him by his father, which was, moreover, diminished by three-pence per week, which he gave to a boy as wages for reading to him an hour or two every evening. The aid of this humble servant, and of the few friends who occasionally supplied his office, enabled Mr. Rushton to beguile the weary length of seven years, during which he was thus condemned to penury and destitution. But to indicate that he thus beguiled the weariness of his darksome days, is not doing justice to his merits. He converted the apparent misery of his circumstances to considerable mental profit. The course of reading which he adopted was in the highest degree judicious. He availed himself of this period of leisure to become well acquainted with the works of Addison, Steele, Johnson, and the other celebrated English essayists. His love of his late profession led him to listen with eagerness and intelligence to the reading of voyages and travels; and he familiarized himself with history, especially with the history of his country. From his father he inherited a fondness for the Muse,

other books which at this early period of his life attracted his attention, was Anson's Voyage. The perusal of this interesting volume led him to think of the sea service as the means of his immediate support, and to look to the command of a vessel as the ultimate object of his future hopes. And for this service he seemed to be well qualified, by the indications of a vigorous bodily frame, and by the active energies of his mind. He was accordingly bound apprentice, when between ten and eleven years of age, to Messrs. Watt and Gregson, who were at that time respectable merchants in the town of Liverpool. When he had attained the early age of sixteen, a remarkable opportunity occurred for his evincing his superior skill in seamanship, and the cool intrepidity of his spirit. On its approach to the harbour of Liverpool, the ship on board of which he served was overtaken by a violent tempest, and became apparently unmanageable. The captain and the crew gave themselves up as lost, and, wandering about the deck in despair, suffered the vessel to drive before the wind. In the midst of the consequent confusion, the young apprentice seized the helm, and called the men to their duty. In times of difficulty, superiority of intellect almost always meets with obedience. The sailors resumed their efforts, and, under the direction of Rushton, the ship was saved. For this spirited conduct he received the

thanks of the captain and the crew ; he was advanced to the situation of second mate, and, at the expiration of his apprenticeship it was noted, with due applause, as an endorsement on his indentures.

At this period, the African trade was the chief source of the wealth of Liverpool; and so much was the general mind of that town familiarized to the process of that abominable traffic, that people of the greatest respectability, and even of the most amiable character, felt no more remorse at the idea of buying and selling thousands of their fellow men, than the butcher experiences at the idea of slaughtering his cattle. It ought not, then, to be regarded as matter of surprise or of reproach, that our youthful seaman was induced, by the prospect of bettering his fortune, to quit the West Indiaman in which he had learnt the rudiments of his profession, to go, in quality of Mate, on a slaving voyage to the Coast of Guinea.

But Rushton was naturally kind hearted. He could not witness the distresses of human beings without feeling strong emotions of compassion; and the following incident had prepared his mind to regard with pity the sufferings of the negro race. In one of his voyages to the West Indies, he had contracted an acquaintance with a black man of the name of Quamina, whom he kindly taught to read. On some occasion he was despatched to the shore with a boat's

crew, of which Quamina was one. On its return to the ship, the boat was upset in the surf, and the sailors were soon swept by the billows from the keel, to which, in the first confusion, they had all adhered. In this extremity Rushton swam towards a small water cask, which he saw floating at a distance. Quamina had gained this point of safety before him; and when the generous negro saw that his friend was too much exhausted to reach the cask, he pushed it towards him—bade him good bye—and sunk, to rise no more. This anecdote Mr. Rushton has often related in the hearing of the author of this memoir; and never without dropping a grateful tear to the memory of Quamina.

With a mind thus predisposed in favour of the despised sons of Africa, it will easily be believed, that when Rushton witnessed the horrors of their captivity on board a slave vessel, he was moved to compassion, and that he bitterly regretted his having engaged himself in his present odious employment. These emotions were heightened into indignation, on his witnessing some brutal treatment to which the captives under his hourly observation were gratuitously subjected by the caprice and cruelty of his superiors. His remonstrances on this occasion were so pointed and so unreserved, that the captain accused him of mutiny, and threatened to put him in irons.



Happy had it been for Mr. Rushton if this threat had been put into execution. The restraint of imprisonment would have saved him from one of the heaviest calamities which can befall a human being,—a calamity which tinged many of his future years with melancholy. When the vessel in which he sailed was on its passage to Dominica, almost the whole of its wretched cargo were seized with the ophthalmia. In these circumstances, the other officers, whose peculiar duty it was to attend to them, durst not venture into the hold ; and they were left in a state of neglect and destitution. But Rushton listened to the call of humanity. He went daily amongst them, and administered to them all the relief in his power. To himself the consequences were dreadful. He was soon attacked by a violent inflammation in his eyes, on the subsiding of which, at the termination of three weeks, it was found that his left eye was totally destroyed ; and that the right was entirely covered with an opacity of the cornea.

On his return home, his father took him up to London, in order to obtain the advice of the most skilful surgical practitioners on his deplorable case. Among others he consulted the celebrated Baron Wenzel, oculist to the King : but neither the Baron, nor any of his brethren of the profession, could render him the least service ; and Mr. Rushton returned to Liverpool

which he gratified by the perusal of the works of our best poets, the striking passages of which he stored up in a most retentive memory. Dramatic compositions, too, engaged his lively attention. In these he took an extensive range. The plays of Shakspeare were "familiar to his lips as household words." But, in consequence, perhaps, of his labouring under the same calamity as Milton, that author was his favourite; and he was assiduous in making himself master, not only of his immortal poems, but also of his prose works, which it is the fashion of the present day too much to neglect. In the mean time he spent his numerous solitary hours in meditating on what had been read to him, and in speculations in which a philosophic mind is fond of indulging. He also occasionally amused himself with poetical compositions, which, being handed about in manuscript, and now and then finding their way into a newspaper, gradually brought him into notice, and became the means of his extending his acquaintance with men of cultivated minds. Encouraged by their approbation of his fugitive pieces, in the year 1782, he ventured to appear as an author. To a man of Mr. Rushton's warm feelings and range of intellect, the politics of the day, and especially the rise and progress of the American revolutionary war, could not be a matter of indifference. In politics, he then followed as his guide the great

Lord Chatham. With him, he “rejoiced that America had resisted;”—with him he deprecated the independence of the colonies, as sure to bring on the speedy ruin of the mother country. These ideas he embodied in a poem entitled, “The Dismembered Empire,” which contains some good poetry, and evinces much patriotic feeling. Events have happily falsified the gloomy predictions of the poet, and of the illustrious statesman from whom his opinions on this subject were derived.

Mr. Rushton’s growing celebrity, and his tranquil submission to the harshness of his destiny, at length softened the rigour of his father, and convinced him of the propriety of his doing something for his son’s more comfortable support. But the plan which he adopted for this purpose evinced little feeling and little judgment. He advanced money to establish him and one of his sisters in a tavern in Liverpool. The occupation of tavern keeping was not congenial to Mr. Rushton’s taste; and his calamity precluded him from being of much utility in regulating the economy of his little establishment. About this time, too, the African Slave trade became a subject of public attention and of parliamentary inquiry; and Mr. Rushton was too independent in spirit to suppress his sentiments concerning that nefarious traffic. At that time, to speak irreverently of the king, or even to



deny the existence of a God, were, in the town of Liverpool, venial offences, when compared with the atrocity of condemning the sale and purchase of human flesh. In defiance, however, of popular clamour, Mr. Rushton was unreserved in stating his opinions on this subject; and in the year 1787 he gave full publicity to them, in a series of poems, entitled "West India Eclogues," which he dedicated to the venerable Dr. Porteus, then bishop of Chester, who had lately testified his sentiments on the condition of the poor Africans, in a "Sermon on the Civilization, Improvement, and Conversion of the Negro Slaves." These Eclogues may be classed amongst the most finished of Mr. Rushton's compositions. The descriptions which they contain of natural scenery are correct, appropriate, and striking. In diction they are simple, but elegant; and in incident and dramatic effect they are highly interesting.

When the philanthropic Mr. Clarkson visited Liverpool, for the purpose of collecting evidence on the subject of the details of the Slave trade, he had frequent interviews with Mr. Rushton, from whom he derived much correct information, and useful directions as to the quarters in which he might pursue his inquiries. Mr. Rushton's merits in this respect Mr. Clarkson has acknowledged, in a manner which was very gratifying to his feelings, by giving his name to a

tributary stream, in his fanciful chart of the abolition of the Slave trade.

It may easily be believed, that a tavern keeper, who was using his exertions to aid in putting an end to a traffic, upon which the commonality of Liverpool were industriously taught that their subsistence depended, could not be very popular, and that his tavern was not very much frequented. After trying this experiment for gaining a livelihood much longer than might have been expected, Mr. Rushton at length relinquished it, and purchased a share in a weekly newspaper called "The Liverpool Herald," of which he undertook the editorship. This employment was congenial to his taste. It also opened a field for the display of his talents; and under his guidance the paper was conducted in a most respectable manner. But the prospects of emolument, with which he now gratified his fancy, soon vanished. It became his duty, as a public journalist, to record an act of atrocity, perpetrated in the port of Liverpool, by a Press Gang, which he did, in the language of just indignation. This excited the resentment of the Lieutenant of the gang, who called in great wrath at the office of the Herald, and with loud threats demanded an apology. Mr. Rushton was too steady to the cause of truth and justice to make the least concession; and as the short way of stifling a statement

of facts by a prosecution for libel was not then so generally known to our military and naval guardians as it is in these more enlightened days, the Lieutenant retired to vent his spleen in unavailing curses. This event, however, alarmed the fears of Mr. Rushton's partner, and brought on a discussion as to the principles on which the paper was hereafter to be conducted, which was so unsatisfactory to Mr. Rushton; that he withdrew from the concern.

Mr. Rushton was now once more thrown upon the world; and the gloom of his prospects was deepened by his anxiety for others, who were dependent on his exertions for their subsistence. He was a husband and a father, having married whilst he kept the tavern. On revolving many plans for his future maintenance, he fixed upon the business of a bookseller, for which his habits and his pursuits certainly rendered him well qualified.

Mr. Rushton's inclination to enter upon this line of business was powerfully seconded by the encouraging advice which he received from a few friends of an inquisitive turn of mind, who had formed themselves into a society for literary and philosophical discussion, of which he was a member. One of his contributions to this society, preserved by his family in manuscript, evinces the extent of his reading and the acuteness of his reasoning powers. It is a trea-

tise, in which he combats, with considerable ingenuity, the opinion of Buffon, Clarkson, and others, who attribute the varieties which occur in the colour of the human species, to the effects of climate, food, and habits of life. But the most interesting circumstance relative to this society, is the fact, that at one of its meetings Mr. Rushton originated the idea of making some provision for the wants of the indigent blind, which, being improved by due consideration, and adopted and matured by a number of generous and enlightened individuals, at length produced the Liverpool Blind Asylum, which may be truly characterized as one of the most useful public institutions of which the kingdom can boast. Mr. Rushton's views at first extended no farther than to the establishment of a benefit club, to be aided by charitable donations, for the support of the indigent blind. In recommendation of this plan, early in the year 1790, at the suggestion of the society, he dictated two impressive letters, which were pretty widely circulated in manuscript amongst individuals, who, it was supposed, would be likely to give it their countenance and assistance. The idea of a benefit club having been communicated by Mr. Rushton to Mr. Christie, an intimate friend of his, who, though labouring under the calamity of blindness, had qualified himself to obtain a handsome livelihood by teaching music, that gentleman suggested the im-

portant improvement of imparting to young persons, who were visited by the same misfortune, those instructions from which he had himself derived so much advantage. This project Mr. Rushton developed in a third letter, dated Sept. 22nd, 1790, which was addressed to Mr. Alanson, an eminent surgeon of the town of Liverpool, and also put into circulation under the signature of Mr. Christie. Copies of the two first letters having been communicated to the Rev. Henry Dannett, curate of St. John's, that gentleman expressed himself warmly in favour of the design proposed in them, and requested to have a conference on the subject with Mr. Rushton, who accordingly waited on him, and put into his hands Mr. Christie's further suggestions. These met Mr. Dannett's full approbation. He undertook the cause with exemplary zeal; and be it recorded to his immortal honour, that it was mainly in consequence of his exertions that the institution was commenced on a small scale, from which, by judicious management and the liberality of the public, it has risen to its present magnitude and importance.\*

Mr. Rushton, having opened a bookseller's shop in Paradise street, soon obtained a share of custom, which happily convinced him of the judiciousness of his choice

\* It is much to be lamented that Mr. Dannett was not satisfied with the credit which was justly due to him for his exertions in the Institution of the Blind Asylum, but also claimed the merit of the original idea, which is most certainly due to Mr. Rushton and Mr. Christie.

of an occupation. His business was not, indeed, very extensive, nor was his establishment any thing like a splendid one. But he made profits. His early habits of economy were still exemplified in his domestic arrangements. His views were well seconded by the industry and strict attention of his wife. The training of his children agreeably occupied much of his time. The grim spectre of want no longer crossed his view. He became comparatively easy in his circumstances; he was cheerful and happy.

His little bark, however, was nearly upset by the political storms which were excited through this country by the French Revolution. By his writings Mr. Rushton had, previously to that event, signalized himself as a friend to liberty, and an enemy to oppression. He could not, then, behold unmoved, the spectacle of five and twenty millions of people bursting their fetters, and vindicating, against domestic intrigue and foreign invasion, their claim to freedom. And what his heart strongly felt, he uttered in conversational discussion with impassioned eloquence. At the period, therefore, when those who impugned the proceedings of administration at the commencement of the war with France were proscribed, as not to be tolerated in society, Mr. Rushton had the perilous honour of being what was called "a marked man." The timid advocates of liberal principles soon found that whosoever



were seen in his shop were "marked men" also. The traffickers in human flesh kept his heresies on the subject of their trade fresh in their remembrance, and eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of instigating against him the cry of spurious loyalty. The consequences of this ban and proscription may easily be anticipated. His business declined as his family encreased; and his prospects of the future became each day more alarming.

The author of this memoir witnessed, with respectful admiration, the firm demeanour of Mr. Rushton, whilst in these trying circumstances, he was suffering the pains of political persecution without participating in its glories. It was his lot at this time to be the confidential medium of offering to him a liberal accommodation from the purse of a generous individual. A similar offer had previously been made to him by another kind and wealthy friend. Both these offers he respectfully declined, being determined, he said, to encounter the diminution of his gains by still more rigorous economy, and to wait the event in patience. Of this determination he never repented. In the worst of times he retained some steady and valuable connexions. The irritation of the public feeling was by degrees allayed, and was indeed, at length diverted from the friends of freedom, against the ministers, who supported an unsuccessful war by yearly encreas-

ing taxation. The turning tide of opinion brought back many of Mr. Rushton's customers, with the accession of new ones. Some little projects for the improvement of his circumstances were successful. For the remainder of his life, he acquired from his business the means of living in comfort, though not in opulence ; and the resources of his own mind enabled him to cultivate the intellects of his children, and to give them the advantage of an useful and solid education.

In speculative politics Mr. Rushton had imbibed, from the study of the works of his favourite Milton, a leaning to republican principles ; and, when he found that his country had not, as he had apprehended would be the case, been ruined by the concession of independence to the United States, he watched with curiosity and interest the operation of a republican form of government on the continent of North America. Here, though he found much to applaud, he could not but deem it a sad instance of inconsistency, that a nation which had struggled so long, and had made so many sacrifices, in the assertion of its own freedom, should tolerate the slavery of negroes in its own dominions. But above all, he thought it lamentable that Washington, the great champion of independence, should hold several hundreds of his fellow men in bondage. On this subject, in the year 1797, he addressed to the General a letter of remonstrance.



This letter is ably written, and its principles are irrefragable. It is, however, more strong than courteous—more convincing than conciliatory: and the Ex-President of the American republic testified his displeasure at its contents, by returning it to the writer in a blank cover. As this circumstance became a subject of conversation and animadversion, Mr. Rushton published the letter, in order to enable those who might be interested in the matter to judge between the General and himself.

From time to time, after his settlement in Liverpool, Mr. Rushton had composed a variety of fugitive pieces of poetry, some of which had been printed in newspapers and periodical publications, whilst others slept in his portfolio, or were communicated to his friends in manuscript. From these he was frequently advised by some individuals whose personal attachment to him was the only reason of his questioning their judgment as to the poetical merit of his compositions, to make a selection, which they assured him would furnish matter for a small volume. After some hesitation, he listened to their suggestions, and in the year 1806 published the volume, the second impression of which, with additions, is now submitted to the reader.

The ensuing year presents an era in Mr. Rushton's life, distinguished by an event equally grateful and astonishing—the restoration of his sight. In the

autumn of 1805 he had received various accounts of successful practice, which led him to entertain a high opinion of the skill of Mr. Gibson, of Manchester, as an oculist. He was himself well acquainted with the anatomy of the eye, and still occasionally cherished a lingering hope that his case was not in itself desperate. He therefore, after long deliberation, went over to Manchester, and was highly pleased to find that Mr. Gibson's opinion was favourable. The issue of the proposed experiment was of course very uncertain, and he was duly warned that the process of treatment would be extremely painful. But from the idea of pain he was the last person in the world to shrink. When he had ascertained to his own satisfaction the grounds of Mr. Gibson's expectations of success, he put himself unreservedly into his hands. The process was indeed tedious and painful. Five times was it necessary for him to submit to the scalpel ; but at length his patience under acute sufferings was amply rewarded. After the long interval of thirty years, light revisited his eyes. His feelings on this occasion may be imagined ; but no one can describe them but himself. And he did describe them, in lines addressed to his skilful benefactor, which do equal honour to his genius and his heart. His sight, indeed, was somewhat misty ; but it was so far restored, that he could accurately distinguish colours, and the lineaments of

the human countenance. He could even discern and discriminate distant objects. He could walk the streets without a guide ; and, by the aid of a glass, could read tolerably sized print. According to his own remark, a person passing from perfect sight to the degree of vision which he then possessed, would have deemed it a misfortune, but to himself, who passed to it from total darkness, it appeared to be heaven.

The remainder of his life was little varied by incident. In the new gratification of reading, he spent his leisure hours usefully and pleasantly. Being more qualified than in former years to enjoy the pleasures of society, he enlarged a little the circle of his acquaintance, and his days passed on in happiness ; which was, however, in the year 1811, painfully interrupted by the death of his wife, who had been a kind and faithful partner of his various fortunes,—and of a daughter, who was admired and esteemed by all who knew her. These afflictive events he survived about three years. His death was occasioned by a rash attempt to get rid of a fit of illness by means of an empirical medicine.

Notwithstanding his habitual temperance, and his general abstinence from all fermented liquors, he was occasionally visited by severe attacks of the gout, to dispel which he had for three or four years previously

to his death been in the habit of taking the *Eau Medicinale*. On the approach of a fit in the month of November, 1814, he had, as usual, recourse to this dangerous medicine, which, contrary to its usual course of operation, brought on violent sickness. So severe was the shock which his constitution received, that the morning after he had taken the draught, his son, as he stood by his bed-side, expressed some fears respecting its effects: but Mr. Rushton was unshaken in his belief in its salutary powers, and immediately rose, to convince his son that his apprehensions were groundless. But he was so weak, that when he attempted to walk, he reeled, and, if his son had not caught him, would have fallen. From this period he languished, with occasional alteration of symptoms, till, at half-past two in the morning of Tuesday the twenty-second of November, a suffusion on the brain took place, his right side was paralyzed, and his breathing became heavy and laborious. The usual remedies, resorted to in extreme cases, were applied in vain, and at five o'clock in the afternoon he died without a struggle, and, apparently, without pain.

From the foregoing sketch of the life of Edward Rushton, the reader will have observed that he was a man of enlightened intellect, and of uncommon mental energy. Estimating action and character by the scale of principle, he regulated his own conduct by the

maxims of the strictest integrity. In the midst of poverty he was proud and independent in spirit. The idea of independence, indeed, he perhaps carried somewhat too far, in occasionally declining, though with due respect, the offered courtesies of kindness and hospitality, on the part of friends who were superior to him in station and fortune. But Edward Rushton was an assertor of freedom ; and he had observed, with pain and indignation, that many who assumed that title, availed themselves of it to prey upon the bounty of the rich and generous advocates of liberal principles. He determined to adopt a far different line of conduct—to gain respect and to merit encouragement by laborious industry in a stated employment, and by foregoing all indulgencies which might unwarrantably trench upon his little means. From the mendicant and pensioned patriot, living a wandering and desultory life of alternate distress and luxury, he turned his view, with just admiration, to Andrew Marvel in his garret. But, though severe to himself, he was kind to others. As a husband and a parent he was truly exemplary ; and to deserving characters who were poorer than himself, he was, to the full extent of his abilities, hospitable and liberal. To oppression of every kind he was a determined enemy. As a politician, however, he was rather a speculator than an actor. His principles in politics were, in his maturer

years, republican, and of course, were rather the subject of private discussion than of assertion in public debate. Hence, dwelling in his own mind on the abstractions of theory, he took little or no part in the struggles of the parties of the day. On these subjects, he perhaps conceded too little to expediency. Perhaps he was sometimes too rigorous in his judgment of political measures and of political characters. But let it not be imagined that such men as Edward Rushton are useless to society. Mankind in general are much too quick sighted in spying out occasions, on which they imagine that the rule of right must not be interpreted too strictly. In these cases, even the profligate politician may be held in check by that censorship of the public, which always grounds its verdict on the opinion of enlightened individuals. If there did not exist in the various classes of the community men of high toned mind, who fearlessly and inexorably apply to public actions the test of principle, the general body of a great people would speedily be corrupted by low intrigue, and the pride of freedom would degenerate to the reptile meanness of slavery.



# POEMS.

---

TO THE

✓  
MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

'NEATH the green turf, dear nature's child,  
Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,  
Of all thy quips and cranks, despoil'd,  
Cold dost thou lie,  
And many a youth and maiden mild  
Shall o'er thee sigh.

Those powers that eagle-wing'd could soar,  
That heart which ne'er was cold before,  
That tongue which caused the table's roar,  
Are now laid low,  
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more  
Thy rapturous flow.



Warm'd with a 'spark of nature's fire,'  
From the rough plough thou didst aspire,  
To make a sordid world admire,  
And few like thee,  
Oh Burns ! have swept the minstrel's lyre  
With ecstasy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,  
The violet in the uncultur'd dale  
So sweetly scents the passing gale,  
That shepherd boys,  
Led by the fragrance they inhale,  
Soon find their prize.

So, when to life's chill glens confin'd,  
Thy rich, tho' rough, uncultur'd mind,  
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind  
Such dulcet lays,  
That to thy brow was soon assigned  
The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,  
The wild notes throbbing at thy breast,  
Of friends, wealth, learning, unpossess'd,  
Thy fervid mind  
Towards fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,  
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy powers to please,  
When want approach'd, and pale disease ;  
Could these thy infant brood appease,  
That wail'd for bread ?  
Or could they for a moment ease  
Thy woe-worn head ?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsey,  
Was all the world e'er gave to thee ;  
Unmov'd, by pinching penury  
They saw thee torn,  
And now (kind souls) with sympathy,  
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh ! how I loathe the haughty train,  
Who oft had heard thy witching strain,  
Yet when thy frame was rack'd with pain,  
                                Could keep aloof,  
And eye, with opulent disdain,  
                                Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh ! would to heaven  
Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,  
Thou might'st have found some sheltering haven  
                                On this side Tweed ;  
Yet ah ! e'en here poor bards have striven,  
                                And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,  
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves,  
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,  
                                No tremor knows,  
And with unshaken nerve he braves  
                                Life's pelting woes.

No wonder then that thou should'st find  
Th' averted glance of half mankind,  
Should'st see the sly, slow, supple mind  
                                To wealth aspire,  
While scorn, neglect, and want, combin'd  
                                To quench thy fire.

When wint'ry winds pipe loud and strong,  
The high perch'd storm-cock pours his song,  
So thy Eolian lyre was strung  
                                'Midst chilling times ;  
Yet cheerly did'st thou roll along  
                                Thy 'routh of rhymes.'

And oh ! that routh of rhymes shall raise  
For thee a lasting pile of praise.  
Haply some Bard in these our days,  
                                Has higher soar'd ;  
But from the heart more melting lays  
                                Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,  
Where blest Columbia's waters glide,  
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,  
                                Shall oft rehearse,  
With sorrow some, but all with pride,  
                                Thy witching verse.

In early spring thy earthy bed,  
Shall be with many a wild flower spread,  
The violet there its sweets shall shed,  
                                In humble guise,  
And there the mountain-daisy's head  
                                Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,  
With boiling blood and bended knee,  
Scatter the weeds of infamy  
                                O'er thy cold clay,  
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be  
                                Soon swept away.

And when thy scorers are no more,  
The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,  
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er,  
                                With soul elate,  
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,  
                                And mourn thy fate.

## MARY LE MORE.

AH! cold-hearted strangers, your merciless doings,  
Long, long, must the children of Erin deplore,  
All sad is my soul when I view yon black ruins,  
Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.  
Her father, God rest him! lov'd Ireland most dearly,  
All our wrongs, all our sufferings, he felt most severely,  
And with freedom's firm sons, he united sincerely,  
But gone is the father of Mary le More.

One cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot sat musing,  
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door,  
Th' assailants soon entered, and straight 'gan abusing,  
The brave, and mild father, of Mary le More.  
To their scoffs he replied not—with blows they assail'd  
him,  
He felt all indignant—his caution now fail'd him,  
He return'd their vile blows, and all Munster bewail'd  
him,  
For stabb'd was the father of Mary le More.



The children's wild screams, and the mother's distraction,  
tion,

While the father, the husband, lay stretch'd in his gore,  
Ah ! who can describe and not curse the foul faction,

Which blasted that rose-bud, sweet Mary le More.  
Oh ! my father ! my father ! she cried, wildly throwing  
Her arms round his neck, while the life's stream was  
flowing,

She kissed his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going,  
He groan'd—and left fatherless Mary le More.

With destruction uncloy'd, this inhuman banditti,

Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the wind it blew sore,  
These friends of the castle, these foes to all pity,

Set fire to the cabin of Mary le More.

The mother and children, half naked and shrieking,  
Escaped from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeking,  
And while these sad victims for shelter were seeking,

Ah ! mark what befel the sweet Mary le More.

From her father's pale cheek, which her lap had supported,

To an out-house these ruffians the lovely girl bore,  
With her prayers, her entreaties, her sorrows, they sported,

And ruin'd, by force, the sweet Mary le More.  
And now a poor maniac, she roams the wild common,  
'Gainst the cold-hearted strangers she warns every woman,

And she sings of her father in strains more than human,  
Till tears often flow for poor Mary le More.

Oh! Ireland's fair daughters, your country's salvation,  
While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your shore,

Remember the woes of your long shackled nation,

Remember the wrongs of poor Mary le More.  
And while your blue eyes are with pity o'erflowing,  
Or with strong indignation your white bosoms glowing,  
Oh! reflect that the tree of delight may yet grow in  
The soil where now wanders poor Mary le More.

## THE MANIAC.

AS I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,  
When the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose  
array'd,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,  
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd.  
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded,  
At her side speckled daisies and crow flowers abounded,  
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,  
Her sighs were unceasing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded,  
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek,  
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,  
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.  
Whilst with pity I gazed, she exclaimed, oh my mother !  
See the blood on that lash ! 'tis the blood of my brother !  
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another,  
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

Tho' his locks are as white as the foam on the ocean,  
Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave.  
My father ! she cried, with the wildest emotion,  
Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in his grave !  
They have toll'd his death bell, they have laid the turf  
o'er him,  
His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him,  
He is gone, he is gone, and the good will deplore him,  
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.

A lark, from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near  
her,

Now rose and with energy caroll'd his lay,  
Hush ! hush ! she continued, the trumpet sounds clearer,  
The horsemen approach—Erin's daughters away !  
Ah strangers ! 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,  
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning,  
Go hide with the sea mew ye maids and take warning,  
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More !

Away ! bring the ointment ! oh God see those gashes !

Alas, my poor brother ! come dry the big tear,  
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes,

Already the screech owls and ravens appear !  
By day the green grave that is under the willow,  
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my  
pillow,

Till the ooze and dark sea-weed beneath the curl'd billow,  
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-  
rending,

Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,  
When lo ! on the waste, and their march towards her  
bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear.  
Oh the fiends ! she exclaim'd, and with wild horror  
started,

Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted,  
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,  
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

## MARY'S DEATH.

TO the cliffs, while below the huge surges are foaming,  
No more with wan cheek shall poor Mary retire,  
Thro' the dark waving fern shall no more be seen roaming,  
Nor chaunting wild strains o'er the grave of her sire.  
Ah no ! the straw shed in which Dermot delighted,  
And Dermot, whose vows to poor Erin were plighted,  
And Dermot's sweet rose-bud so shamefully blighted,  
Like the blue mists of morn are all melted away.

Yes, Erin's fair daughters, the love-beaming Mary,  
Whose bosom had nothing of snow but its hue ;  
Who was once, like yourselves, all attractive and airy,  
Has bow'd her sweet head, and bade outrage adieu.  
No more the unfeeling despoiler shall harm her,  
Nor the blood-sprinkled scythe of oppression alarm her,  
Nor can all the soft joys of the cabin now charm her,  
For the winds deeply moan as they sweep o'er her  
grave.

Though her cheek grew more wan, and more languid  
each motion,

Yet still to her haunts she would daily withdraw ;  
Would climb to the verge of the blue rolling ocean,  
Or roam the wide heath with her basket of straw.  
And still from those scenes, with the day-star descending,  
A few whispering children her footsteps attending,  
She would lie to the willow, and mournfully bending,  
Would scatter fresh flowers o'er the grave of her sire.

Like the pale frosted floweret, to earth slow returning,  
Thus the sufferer declined whilst her relatives mourn'd,  
Yet still the hoarse rage of the elements scorning.

To the grave of her father she duly return'd.  
When lo ! at the close of a day dark and dreary,  
From the sea fowls' bleak craigs, came the once beau-  
teous Mary,  
All drench'd were her clothes and her steps faint and  
weary,

Yet in tones wildly sweet thus she sung o'er her sire :



“ Ah ! view the long grass, see it waves as in sadness,  
“ It sighs in the blast and its green head is low ;  
“ When, when, shall I wing to the regions of gladness,  
“ Dear mother come strip me this 'kerchief of snow.  
“ I saw the red arm, saw the steel's dreadful gleaming,  
“ Oh ! how cold were his lips, while the life's blood  
was streaming,  
“ On the verge of yon cloud see his bright form is beaming,  
“ He beckons, and hark, oh ! 'tis Mary he calls.”

And now the poor soul, while the bleak winds swept  
o'er her,

On her father's cold grave sigh'd her being away,  
And long shall thy daughters, oh Erin ! deplore her,  
And deck the green turf that now mantles her clay ;  
And at eve, when the spoiler's dark doings are stated,  
The fate of poor Dermot shall oft be related,  
And the cabin's brave tenants, with fire unabated,  
Shall brand thy destroyers, sweet Mary le More.

THE  
FIRE OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

WHEN o'er this sea-encircled ground  
The Norman conqueror grimly frown'd,  
And bade his curfew ring,  
With sullen brow, the Saxon hind,  
To the straw couch his limbs consign'd,  
And curs'd his tyrant king.

And long beneath the oppressor's sway,  
With scowling eye, poor England lay,  
And quench'd were all her fires ;  
Yet thy small spark, oh ! liberty,  
E'en then survived each dark decree,  
And glimmered 'mongst our sires.

From reign to reign it smoulder'd on,  
Scarce warming, till dark-visag'd John,  
Beheld the rising flame ;  
He saw, and by it sign'd that deed,  
Which makes thy sward, oh ! Runnymede,  
For ever dear to fame.

This sacred fire, thro' many an age  
Of mental gloom and civil rage,  
A varied heat bestow'd ;  
But when the intrepid Hampden bled,  
And Charles was number'd with the dead,  
An awful flame it glow'd.

This lighted Belgic William o'er,—  
This scar'd a Stuart from our shore,  
And shew'd an abject world,  
With how much ease, despotic kings,  
Those foul, inflated, plundering things,  
May from their thrones be hurl'd.

Unawed by man's infuriate foes,  
'Twas thus our sturdy fathers rose,  
And guarded freedom's fire ;  
Which we, a mean degenerate race,  
Corrupt, luxurious, sordid, base,  
Are suffering to expire.

Go then, ye reprobated few,  
With souls to freedom ever true,  
Whom tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
Go, spread the cheerless embers round,  
And should a few faint sparks be found,  
Oh ! fan them into flame.

Soon may this fire again appear,  
Again a prostrate people cheer,  
Again be watched with zeal ;  
Soon may its light illumine each land,  
Its heat the human heart expand,  
Till the vast world shall feel.

Whate'er the tongue—what'er the hue—  
Whate'er the bliss they may pursue,  
Or clime which gave them birth ;  
Oh ! liberty, may'st thou be given,  
As bounteous as the light of heaven,  
To all the sons of earth.

## THE SWALLOW.

GO place the swallow on yon turfy bed,  
Much will he struggle, but can never rise ;  
Go raise him even with the daisy's head,  
And the poor flutterer like an arrow flies.  
So, oft thro' life, the man of powers and worth,  
Haply the caterer for an infant train,  
Like Burns, must struggle on the bare-worn earth,  
While all his efforts to arise are vain.  
Yet should the hand of relative, or friend,  
Just from the surface lift the suffering wight,  
Soon would the wings of industry extend,  
Soon would he rise from anguish to delight.  
Go then, ye affluent ! go, your hands outstretch,  
And from despair's dark verge, oh ! raise the woe-  
worn wretch.

## BLINDNESS.

AH ! think, if June's delicious rays  
The eye of sorrow can illume,  
Or wild December's beamless days  
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.  
Ah ! think, if skies obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,  
Ah ! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,  
To love the wife he ne'er must see ;  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs his knee ?  
To have his feelings daily torn,  
With pain, the passing meal to find ;  
To live distress'd, and die forlorn,  
Are ills that oft await the blind.



When to the breezy uplands led,  
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,  
While round him breathes the scented thorn.  
But oh ! instead of nature's face,  
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,  
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,  
'Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,  
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,  
Bows to the earth where all must rest.  
Ah ! think, when life's declining hours  
To chilly penury are consign'd,  
And pain has palsied all his powers,  
Ah ! think what woes await the Blind.

## ON THE

## APPROACH OF THE GOUT.

'TIS strange that thou shouldst leave the downy bed,  
The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee,  
Shouldst leave the board with choicest dainties spread,  
To fix thy odious residence with me !

'Tis strange, that thou, attach'd to plenteous ease,  
Shouldst leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,  
Where plainest meals keen appetites appease,  
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine !

'Tis passing strange ! yet shouldst thou persevere,  
And fill these bones with agonizing pangs,  
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,  
And teach the affluent how to bear thy fangs.

Yes, shouldst thou visit me, capricious gout,  
Hard fare shall be thy lot, by Jove ! I'll starve thee out.

## TO FRANCE.

CANST thou, who burst with proud disdain,  
Each high-wrought link of slavery's chain ;  
Canst thou, who cleansed, with noble rage,  
Th' Augean filth of many an age ;  
Canst thou, whose mighty vengeance hurl'd  
Destruction on thy foes—the world,  
Yet bade the infuriate slaughter cease,  
When vanquish'd despots whined for peace ;  
Canst thou, O France ! from heights like these descend,  
And with each nerve unbraced—to proud Napoleon bend ?

Was it for this thy warriors rose,  
And paralyzed vast hordes of foes ?  
For this, all prodigal of life,  
They rush'd amid the bellowing strife,  
And like the desert's burning breath,  
Where'er they rush'd, they scattered death ?

For this, with many a gaping wound,  
Thy daring sons have strew'd the ground,  
And girt with smoaking gore, and hills of slain,  
Have gloried in their cause, and spurn'd the oppressor's  
chain ?

When vaunting freemen join'd the array,  
And gloomy squadrons prowld for prey,  
Was it for this, beneath the wave  
Thy seamen found an oozy grave ?  
For this, when all around was wreck,  
And mingled horrors stain'd the deck,  
When slowly setting towards their fate,  
While the broad banners waved elate,  
Was it for this they VIVE LA NATION ! cried,  
Scorn'd the submissive act, and felt the o'erwhelming  
tide ?

Was it for this the sorrowing sire  
Has seen his bleeding boy expire ?

For this, the matron, sad and pale,  
Has told her son's disastrous tale ?  
For this, the widow oft has press'd,  
With tears, the nursling to her breast ?  
Was it to lift the ambitious soul  
Of ONE, above the law's control,  
That thus dire war left millions to deplore,  
And the broad earth and seas were tinged with human  
gore ?

No !—fearless France shall ne'er be found  
Like the huge brute on India's ground,  
That through the ranks impetuous sweeps,  
And loads the field with mangled heaps,  
And yet, each scene of carnage o'er,  
Obeys that goad he felt before ;  
No !—fearless France shall still maintain  
Those rights that millions died to gain,  
And soon, tho' laurel wreathes her chains adorn,  
Shall shew a grovelling world that chains are still her  
scorn.

O France ! thy energetic soul  
Will never brook unjust control ;  
Will never crouch to slavery's load,  
Nor bear the oppressor's iron goad :  
No !—France, who bade her monarch fall,  
Will ne'er before this idol crawl ;  
Will ne'er receive with abject awe,  
A martial miscreant's will as law ;  
No ;—banish fear, ye friends of human kind,  
France to a giant's arm unites a towering mind.

He who o'erwhelms his country's foe,  
Yet lays his country's freedom low,  
Must fear, tho' girt with guards and state,  
From each bold arm the stroke of fate ;  
And thou, usurping warrior, thou,  
To whom the weak and timid bow ;  
Thou splendid curse, whose actions prove  
That states may be undone by love :  
Thou foe to man, upheld by martial breath,  
Thy march is on a mine—thy every dream is death.

And when this meteor's baleful rays  
Are lost in freedom's ardent blaze,  
Yes, when indignant France shall rise,  
Her form all nerve, all fire her eyes,  
And scorning e'en the bayonet's sway,  
Shall sweep the audacious wretch away,  
Then, with degraded mien, no more  
Shall man his fellow-man adore ;  
Then o'er his powers shall principle preside,  
And the bright star of Truth shall prove his polar guide.



ON THE

## DEATH OF HUGH MULLIGAN.

A BARD from the MERSEY is gone,  
Whose carols with energy flow'd,  
Whose harp had a wildness of tone,  
And a sweetness but rarely bestow'd.  
Then say—ye dispensers of fame,  
Of wreathes that for ages will bloom,  
Ah ! say, shall poor MULLIGAN's name,  
Go silently down to the tomb ?

When the lordly are called from their state,  
The marble their virtue imparts,  
Yet the marble, ye insolent great,  
Is often less cold than your hearts.

When the life of the warrior is o'er,  
His deeds every tongue shall rehearse,  
And now a pale Bard is no more,  
Ah ! would you deny him a verse ?

The thrush from the iced bough,  
Gives his song to the winterly gale,  
And the violet, 'midst half melted snow,  
Diffuses its sweets thro' the vale.  
And thus, while the minstrel I mourn,  
'Mid the blasts of adversity pined,  
While he droop'd all obscure and forlorn,  
He pour'd his wild sweets on the wind.

Tho' the clouds that had sadden'd his days,  
Were scatter'd and tinged near the close ;  
Tho' he saw a few comforting rays,  
'Twas too late, and he sunk to repose.

So the bark, that fierce winds has endur'd,  
And the shocks of the pitiless wave,  
Finds a harbour, yet scarcely is moor'd,  
When she sinks to the dark oozy grave.

To the turf where poor MULLIGAN lies,  
The lover of genius shall stray,  
And there should a rank weed arise,  
He shall pluck the intruder away.  
But lowly, and simple, and sweet,  
Ah! should the wild violet appear,  
He will sigh o'er an emblem so meet,  
And will water its cup with a tear.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ON READING HIS

"CARMEN TRIUMPHALE."

WHEN man's great curse, despotic sway,  
Sweeps myriads from the realms of day ;  
    When wide o'er all the Christian world  
    Destruction's banners are unfurl'd ;  
    When Europe with exhaustion reels,  
    Yet nor remorse nor pity feels ;  
    At this dread period SOUTHEY stands,  
    The wild harp trembling in his hands,  
And whilst fanatic furor fires his mind,  
" *Glory to God,*" he cries, "*deliverance for mankind.*"

Ah, Southey, if thy boyish brood  
Were prone to shed each other's blood,  
Thou couldst not, with unruffled mien,  
Behold the agonizing scene.  
Why then suppose the Sire of All  
Is pleased to see his creatures fall?  
Why then, if carnage strew the ground,  
And groans, and shrieks, and yells abound;—  
Why then, if ruthless havoc lord it wide,  
Should bigot rage exult, and God be glorified?

I grieve when earth is drenched with gore,  
And realms with woe are covered o'er;  
I grieve, and reprobate the plan  
Of thanking God for slaughter'd man:  
Nor can I hope that lawless sway,  
Fierce as a tiger o'er its prey,  
Will ever, uncompell'd, resign  
That power the priest proclaims divine:  
No, Southey, no! oppressors ne'er unbind;  
'Tis man—high-minded man, must liberate mankind.

Appall'd by superstitious cares,  
Despots of yore have crown'd their heirs ;  
But when, oh, Southey ! tell me, when  
Have despots raised their slaves to men ?  
Votaries of power, to this they bend,  
For this eternally contend ;  
Whilst man, let despots rise or fall,  
Poor abject man, submits to all ;  
And should his wrongs beyond endurance swell,  
Here glares the State's red arm, and there an endles hell.

Whether of home or foreign growth,  
All despots from my soul I loathe ;  
And as to rights—I should as soon  
Expect a charter from the moon,  
As hope to see a courtly train  
Combined to cherish Freedom's reign—  
Combined to humanize the heart,  
And bid the nurse's dreams depart :  
No, Southey, no ! these scourges, when combined,  
May desolate a world, but never free mankind.

If proof be wanting, France may show,  
In man's great cause how Monarchs glow :  
Thou know'st, when one immortal stroke  
Her lacerating shackles broke ;  
Thou know'st how Europe's savage swarms  
Flew, like infuriate fiends, to arms ;  
And how the vaunting legions came,  
To quench a never-dying flame ;  
And well thou know'st how France sublimely rose,  
Bared her resistless arm, and crush'd the aggressing foes.

If proof be wanting, turn thine eyes  
Where poor partitioned Poland lies ;  
By many a barbarous band assail'd ;  
In Freedom's cause she fought—she fail'd ;  
She saw her children bite the dust,  
O'erwhelm'd by rapine, murder, lust ;  
She saw her cities blaze, and all  
That 'scaped the flames by ruffians fall ,  
Transfix'd by groves of pikes, she heard them groan,  
Then back into the flames saw writhing thousands thrown.



Poor prostrate Poland ! here we find  
How despots liberate mankind ;  
And here, unblushing bard, we see  
The savage hordes extoll'd by thee :  
But whether minstrels change with times,  
And scatter flowers o'er courtly crimes ;  
Or Truth's firm sons imprison'd lie,  
Or priests the reasoning powers decry ;  
Soon like those brutes that shun the nightly fire,  
From Freedom's holy flame shall man's fierce foes retire.

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCY.

YE men of Columbia ! oh ! hail the great day  
Which nerved your gigantic domain,  
Which taught the oppress'd how to spurn lawless sway,  
And gave the vast world a new reign.  
Yes, hail the blest moment—when awfully grand,  
Your congress pronounced the decree,  
Which told ancient realms that your pine-covered land,  
Though coerced, was resolved to be free.

Those warriors who fell in your soul-cheering cause,  
To the true sons of freedom are dear,  
Their worth the unborn shall rehearse with applause,  
And bedew their cold turf with a tear !

O cherish their names, let their sufferings and deeds  
Go forth on the wings of the wind,  
And as man, prostrate man, your high destiny reads,  
May he learn his own chains to unbind.

As he tills your rich glebe, the old peasant shall tell,  
While his bosom with energy glows,  
How your Warren expired—how Montgomery fell,  
And how Washington baffled your foes.  
With transport his offspring shall catch the glad sound,  
And as freedom illumines each breast,  
Their country's defenders with praise shall be crown'd,  
While her spoilers they learn to detest.

By those fields that were ravaged, those towns that  
were fired,  
By those wrongs which your females endured,  
By those blood-sprinkled groves, where your warriors  
expired,  
O preserve what their prowess procured.

And reflect that your rights are the rights of mankind,  
That to all they were bounteously given,  
And that he who in chains would his fellow-man bind,  
Uplifts his proud arm against heaven.

How can you, who have felt the oppressor's hard hand,  
Who for freedom all perils would brave,  
How can you enjoy peace, while one foot of your land  
Is disgraced by the toil of a slave !  
O ! rouse then in spite of a merciless few,  
And pronounce this immortal decree,  
Whate'er be man's TENETS, his FORTUNE, his HUE,  
He is man, and shall therefore be free.

ON THE  
DEATH OF A MUCH LOVED RELATIVE.

SHALT thou, oh my sister ! my friend !

Go down to the sorrowful cell ;

And shall I the sad pageant attend,

And not bid thee a solemn farewell ?

Yes, yes, the farewell shall be thine

In a strain thou wert wont to approve,

And oh ! while remembrance is mine,

I will mournfully cherish thy love.

From the world when mere kindred retire,

'The wounds of the bosom soon heal,

But when those we delight in expire,

To the heart's deep recesses we feel.

Ah ! Bessey, through life's chequer'd way,  
Thou wert never unmindful of me,  
Nor do I remember the day  
When I felt not affection for thee.

Now memory recalls the sweet hours,  
When in childhood we gaily have stroll'd,  
Have gather'd the dew-spangled flowers,  
Or adown the loved brow we have roll'd ;  
And perchance when with exercise warm'd,  
As we sat on the earth's verdant lap,  
For thee the bark-pipe I have form'd,  
Or with rushes have made thee a cap.

When a sea-boy just 'scaped from on board,  
Just 'scaped from a pestilent sky,  
Thy rapture remembrance has stored,  
And the beams of thy dark-laughing eye ;  
And oh ! when of vision bereft,  
And when science pronounced the decree,  
To my agonized soul there was left  
An affectionate soother in thee.

'Twas thus, oh ! my sister ! my friend !

With our beings our fondness increased,  
Wert thou wrong'd, I was proud to defend,

If I sorrow'd, thy gaiety ceased.

And when other duties were known,

When our cares with our little ones grew,  
The sun of our kindness still shone,  
And no dark chilling mists ever knew.

As droops the wild rose on the spray,

When the clouds not a rain-drop bestow,  
So wert thou slowly wither'd away,

By the hectic's infuriate glow.

And now deeply worn, yet serene,

And more softly than falls the light leaf,  
Thou hast glided from life's flowery scene,  
And o'erwhelm'd thy connexions with grief.

Ah ! couldst thou thy partner descry,

As he hangs o'er those pledges so dear,  
Couldst thou witness the deep-heaving sigh,  
While his cheek is bedew'd with a tear ;



Couldst thou pierce the deep folds of the heart,  
And thy relatives see undisguised,  
Ah! Bessey, the view would impart  
How worth and how sweetness are prized.

And now while my tremulous woes,  
To these poor beamless eyeballs upswell,  
Oh! let the warm tear as it flows,  
Be my silent, my solemn farewell.  
Thou art gone, dearest friend of my heart!  
Thou art gone to the awful unknown,  
And, hereafter, wherever thou art,  
Oh! may I on that region be thrown.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE UNFORTUNATE CHATTERTON.

OH ! thou, who many a silent hour,  
Sat'st brooding o'er thy plans profound,  
Oh, Chatterton ! thou fairest flower  
That ever graced poetic ground ;  
Twas thine, in lyrics sweet and strong,  
To bear the enraptured soul along ;  
Twas thine to paint domestic woe,  
And bid the drops of pity flow ;  
Twas thine, in Homer's glowing strain,  
To sing contention's bloody reign ;  
And oh ! 'twas thine, with unfledged wings to soar,  
Upborne by native fire, to heights untried before.

In lonely paths, and church-yards drear,  
When shrouded pale-eyed ghosts are seen,  
When many a wild note strikes the ear,  
From fairies revelling on the green,  
Then didst thou oft, with daring fire,  
Sweep o'er the solemn gothic lyre ;  
Then, whilst the broad moon lent her aid, (*a*)  
To times long past thy fancy stray'd,  
Then Hastings' field was heap'd with dead,  
And Birtha mourn'd, and Baldwin bled ;  
Yet what to thee did poesy produce ?  
Why—when on earth neglect, when in the grave abuse.

Ah penury ! thou chilling sprite,  
Thou pale depressor of the mind,  
That with a cloud opaque as night,  
Veil'st many a genius from mankind.  
Ah ! what avails the minstrel's art,  
That melts and animates the heart,  
If at his side, with haggard mien  
And palsied step, thy form is seen ;

When on thy sterile common thrown,  
The strongest powers must pine unknown !  
But mark the world—let wealthy witlings raise  
The decorated lyre, and all applaud the lays.

When all is hush'd, full oft to thee,  
Poor child of song, I sorrowing turn,  
Full oft bewail thy misery,  
Full oft with indignation burn.  
Heavens ! that a genius such as thine,  
Equal to every vast design,  
A genius form'd in Shakspeare's mould,  
Untutor'd, piercing, clear, and bold,  
Should pour, in these enlighten'd days,  
On Britain's ear such matchless lays,  
Yet find on British ground neglect and woe,  
And envy's cankering sting, when in the grave below !

Oh poesy ! delusive power,  
Thou ignis fatuus of the soul,  
Thou syren of the solemn hour,  
That lurest full oft to scenes of dole,

Oh ! how seducing are thy smiles !  
How powerful all thy witching wiles !  
Yet in the foldings of thy train,  
Lurk squalled want and mental pain.  
See where thy wretched victim lies,  
What frantic wildness in his eyes !  
Hark how he groans ! see, see, he foams ! he gasps !  
And his convulsive hand the poisonous phial grasps !

Stung by the world's neglect and scorn,  
While conscious merit fired his mind,  
Unfriended, foodless, and forlorn, (*b*)  
With lowering eye the bard reclined ;  
When lo ! his mantle cover'd o'er,  
With streaming, and with clotted gore,  
The offspring of despair and pride,  
Came stalking in, fell Suicide,  
Wreaths of dark foxglove, hemlock green,  
And poppy round his brows were seen,  
And now his purpose dire, his blood-stain'd eyes,  
And rugged front, were veil'd in soft Compassion's guise.

Roused from his gloom aghast and wild,  
    “Ah ! what art thou ?”—the minstrel cried,  
With wily tongue and aspect mild ;  
    “Thy guardian power,” the form replied,  
“Sweet bard—ah ! why dost thou remain  
“On this vile orb, this scene of pain ?  
“Art thou not steep’d in blackest woe ?  
“Hast thou a single patron ? no :  
“Or can thy sweetly sounding lyre  
“Make stern necessity retire ?  
“If not, be firm, these sordid reptiles spurn,  
“(Oh Phœbus’ glowing son !) and to thy sire return.”

Stung to the soul, the hapless boy,  
    With greedy ears the sounds devour’d,  
This the grim phantom saw with joy,  
    And still the wordy poison pour’d ;  
Till slackening every selfish spring,  
Which makes us to existence cling,  
“Would I a worthless world adorn,”  
He cried—“that merits but thy scorn ?

“No, misery’s son, this cordial take,

“And want, neglect, and pain forsake !”

With pale distracted look, the youth complied,  
Tore many a beauteous lay, and in wild ravings died.

Unshelter’d, wither’d, scarcely blown,

Thus like a blasted flower he fell,

Thus pin’d, unnotic’d or unknown,

Thus bade a sorrowing scene farewell.

Gaze on his corse, ye gloomy train,

Whom fortune tries to bless—in vain.

Gaze on his corse, ye foodless crowd,

And you whom torturing pangs have bow’d :

Gaze, too, ye ardent sons of song,

Whom haply cold neglect has stung,

And when ideas black and sad arise,

Should Suicide appear—oh ! spurn him and be wise !

Thus headlong rush’d the indignant soul,

From earth, where tides of rancour flow ;

Where folly’s sons in affluence roll,

While merit droops o’erwhelm’d with woe.



Ye generous minds, if such there are,  
Who make neglected worth your care,  
Where dwelt you when he gazed around,  
And not one gleam of comfort found ?  
Oh what a deed ! What endless fame  
Had twined around that mortal's name,  
Who from despair had snatch'd this wondrous boy,  
Foster'd his towering muse, and flush'd his soul with joy !

And one there was, sweet fancy's child, (*c*)  
Whilst thou wert listening to the shade,  
One reverend sage, humane and mild,  
Was then on wing to give thee aid ;  
And scarcely had the parish shell  
Convey'd thee to the cold dark cell,  
When lo ! he came, O piteous tale,  
But, pity ! what wilt thou avail ?  
He came, by love of genius led,  
Intent to raise thy drooping head ;  
He came, he sigh'd, and down the stream of time,  
For this his praise shall flow in many a splendid rhyme.

Borne to the grave without a friend,  
The workhouse glebe received thy clay, (*d*)  
Thus did thy scrap of breathing end,  
But oh ! thy fame shall ne'er decay.  
E'en Radcliff and her flowery plains,  
Where thou hast ponder'd o'er thy strains,  
Thy natal roof, thy earthly bed,  
Scarce known amidst the unhonour'd dead,  
When thy proud scorers are no more,  
And moths have know'd their pedant lore,  
E'en these the sons of fancy shall revere,  
Sigh o'er thy mournful fate, and drop the sorrowing tear.

For thee Compassion oft shall plead,  
Her tenderest plaints for thee shall flow,  
Her hand shall brush away each weed,  
Which envy o'er thy turf may throw ;  
And kindly soft that hand shall bring,  
For thee each blighted flower of spring,  
The violet, scenting nature's breath,  
Then from her storms receiving death,

The lowly primrose born to blow,  
Then whelm'd beneath the drifted snow,  
And oft with these, and tufts of wither'd bloom,  
Compassion, dewy-eyed, shall deck thy early tomb.

And now, where'er thy spirit stalks,  
Great framer of the antique lay,  
Whether thou haunt'st thy favourite walks,  
Or hover'st o'er thy bed of clay ;  
Whether, with Savage at thy side,  
Thou blam'st the world's contempt and pride ;  
Whether thou talk'st with Otway's shade,  
Of all the misery life display'd,  
Or glid'st in gloomy guise along,  
Aloof from all the ghastly throng,  
From one inured to many a mental pain,  
Oh ! deign, immortal youth ! to accept this heartfelt  
strain.

## THE LEVIATHAN.

AS when the huge Leviathan is seen,  
Torpido and slumbering midst his native ice,  
The seamen ply the oar with anxious mien,  
Quick every eye, and noiseless every voice ;  
And now the keen harpoon its entrance makes,  
At first unfelt, till deeper grows the wound,  
When lo ! the enormous animal awakes,  
And his broad tail spreads devastation round.—  
So when a nation cold and sluggish lies,  
Silent and slow the oppressor drives the steel,  
At first the wound's unfelt—again he tries,  
Deep sinks the shaft, and now the people feel,  
Pierced to the quick, the tail soon mounts on high,  
And splendour, wealth, and power, in one sad ruin lie.

## LUCY.

KEEN blew the wind abaft the beam,  
The moon was wrapt in sable clouds,  
The reefs were in, and many a spray,  
High mounting, wash'd the weather shrouds ;  
The middle watch was nearly closed,  
Hoarse thundering peals remote were heard,  
When, slowly moving o'er the deck,  
A shadowy female form appear'd.

Her cheek was whiter than the foam  
That caps the huge Atlantic wave,  
Her lip was like the welkin's hue,  
Ere the dark storm begins to rave ;

Her form a winding-sheet conceal'd,  
She paused—and awful shook her head,  
Then with a hollow thrilling voice  
Thus to the fear-struck mate she said :—

“Well may'st thou tremble, faithless wretch ;  
“Thy clammy brow, that stifled groan,  
“Those glaring eye-balls, all confess  
“That injured Lucy still is known,  
“Yes ! Edward, here behold the shade  
“Of her thy falsehood triumph'd o'er,  
“Of her who all thy vows believed,  
“Of her who fell to rise no more.

“Didst thou not say my cheek display'd  
“The tropic morn's delicious bloom ?  
“Didst thou not say my breath excell'd  
“The ripe anana's rich perfume ?  
“Didst thou not say my azure eyes  
“Surpass'd the cloudless Indian sky ?  
“And yet, to gain a wealthy bride,  
“Say, didst not thou from Lucy fly ?

“ With pale and agonizing look

“ My mother heard the tale of woe,

“ And though she tried to soothe my pangs

“ Grief’s silent throbs soon laid her low ;

“ To the cold grave I saw her borne,

“ Ah, Edward ! what a sight was there—

“ A mother prostrate in the dust !

“ A daughter doom’d to dark despair !

“ Abandon’d by the man I loved,

“ Cast on the world, o’erwhelm’d with shame,

“ I droop’d like some poor blasted flower,

“ And soon I bore a mother’s name ;

“ My boy, my sweet one, breathed and died,

“ No tears of mine his turf bedew’d,

“ For withering grief had touch’d my brain,

“ And now I wander’d wild and rude.

“ Oft have I roam’d the flowery heath,

“ That skirts the ever-dashing wave,

“ And there have pluck’d the primrose pale,

“ To deck a mother’s grassy grave ;

“And when the wintery tempest howl'd,  
“With naked head and bosom bare,  
“Oft have I swept the frozen snows,  
“And laugh'd to scorn the troubled air.

“Pale as the snow-drop on the waste,  
“Now wildly chaunting would I rove,  
“Now venting curses on thy head,  
“And now, all softness, breathing love ;  
“Where sea-fowls lodge, last night of all,  
“As on the breezy steep I stood,  
“Methought I heard thy well-known voice,  
“I scream'd, and headlong reach'd the flood.

“And now all on a bed of weeds,  
“Full many a fathom deep is laid  
“That form thy wily tongue has praised,  
“That form thy faithless heart betray'd ;  
“But mark, oh Edward ! mark thy doom,  
“Thou never more must peace enjoy,  
“By day remorse shall know thy breast,  
“By night my shade shall still be nigh.



“ When livid lightnings flash around,  
    “ High on the yard I’ll pierce thine ear,  
“ In calms, with thee I’ll walk the deck,  
    “ And cross thee midst the storm’s career !  
“ At sea I’ll haunt thy hammock’s side,  
    “ And draw thy curtains when on shore,  
“ Thy flesh shall waste, and soon or late  
    “ The dark, dark surge shall overwhelm thee o’er.

“ And mark ! ”—She paused, for now the east  
    Display’d the first faint streaks of day,  
The phantom quick dissolved in air,  
    And the pale seaman died away ;  
The watch now bore him from the deck,  
    He lived awhile oppress’d with gloom,  
And Lucy nightly kept her word,  
    Till Edward found a watery tomb.

## WOMAN.

LET the hawk shew his wing and each warbler shall  
cease,

Let the north keenly rage and each floweret shall  
close,

Yet woman, sweet woman, more simple than these,

Oft looks for protection to merciless foes.

O ! may she when lovers with fervency plead,

All their glances, their sighs, and their vows,  
disbelieve,

And if whinings and oaths to their flattery succeed,

O ! may she reflect that e'en these may deceive.

The dolphin pursuing his swift-flying prey,

Shews a thousand rich tints which before were unseen,

So in love's glowing chase woman's foes oft display

New ardors of mind, and new graces of mien ;

Yet, ah ! when new ardors, new graces arise,  
New arts are contrived to allure and enslave,  
And passion a pathway of roses supplies,  
O'er which the poor female oft trips to the grave.

The man who in dealing with man is correct,  
In dealing with woman a traitor shall prove,  
Shall attempt to seduce where he ought to protect,  
And blight with his sighs the sweet blossoms of love ;  
Then be firm, oh ye maids ! and the bold still repel,  
And with keen circumspection the artful disarm,  
For man is a rattle-snake, wily and fell,  
And you the poor birds oft destroy'd by his charm.

## TO A REDBREAST

IN NOVEMBER,

WRITTEN NEAR ONE OF THE DOCKS OF LIVERPOOL.

THOU, on whose breast in early days  
With pleasure-beaming eye we gaze,  
Remembering how, in times of yore,  
The babes with leaves were cover'd o'er ;  
Poor bird ! 'tis strange that thou shouldst roam  
So far from thy sequester'd home,  
Shouldst leave the pure, the silent shade,  
For all this filth, this crash of trade,  
And, while dark-visaged winter holds his reign,  
Should'st hither come, sweet fool, to waste thy warbling  
strain.

The lark may reach the rosy cloud,  
And strike his epic lyre aloud ;  
The high-perch'd throstle, clear and strong,  
May roll his nervous ode along ;  
The blackbird, from the briery bower,  
His deep-toned elegy may pour ;  
Yet these could never soothe my ear  
Like thee, delightful sonneteer ;  
Like thee, who through the raw and gusty day  
Chaunt'st from yon lofty pile thy brief, thy pensive lay.

Thus, richer than the dew-wash'd rose,  
On some lone bank the violet blows,  
And ere the frowns of winter fail,  
Like thee, with sweetness freights the gale ;  
And thus, full oft, in shades obscure,  
The unbending minstrel, proud and poor,  
All shivering in misfortune's storm,  
While half nutrition wastes his form,  
From fancy's height beholds the crowd below,  
And spite of varied ills uncheck'd his raptures flow.

Sweet are thy notes, yet minds intent  
On life's prime object—cent. per cent.  
Heed not thy soft delicious strain,  
Nor any notes, save notes of gain ;  
Oh Ruddock ! couldst thou name some shore  
By Britains trade uncursed before,  
Where Afric's injured race would come,  
In crowds, for half the present sum ;  
Or couldst thou aid the speculating throng,  
The great commercial few would pause, and praise thy  
song.

Sweet are thy notes, and yet I fear  
Thou hast a dull and tasteless ear ;  
Else why forsake the lonely glen  
For this dire deafening din of men ;  
The rattling cart, the driver's bawl,  
The mallet's stroke, the hawker's call,  
The child's shrill scream, the windlass-song,  
As slow the vessel moves along !  
All these commix'd, with many a harsh sound more,  
Rise to thy bleak abode in one discordant roar.

Sweet is thy song, and yet its flow  
Comes o'er me like a tale of woe ;  
And ah ! I fear, poor friendless thing,  
That thou hast cause to droop thy wing ;  
If tempests whirl, and hailstones fly,  
Thou hast no nest, no shelter nigh ;  
If famine pinch thee to the bone,  
Thou canst not feed on slates and stone,  
And though the corn-room near thy station lies,  
Yet men have callous hearts, and cats have piercing eyes.

Poor Robin ! yes, when howling blasts  
Are heard among the neighbouring masts,  
When dark clouds drive, and rain and sleet  
Against the window fiercely beat,  
It grieves me sore that thou, whose strains  
Have sooth'd full oft my mental pains,  
Shouldst feel within thy tiny craw  
That bane of song, fell hunger's gnaw,  
And oft I wish that thou wouldst hither come,  
And make, in these hard times, my shelter'd box thy  
home.

What though I have an unfledg'd brood,  
That daily chirp and gape for food,  
There's not a nestling but with glee  
Would spare a crumb or two for thee ;  
Come then, sweet bird, and thou shalt find  
Protection from the nipping wind,  
Shalt have thy orange doublet stored  
With the best fare our means afford,  
And ere the snowdrop shews its spotless head,  
Free as the mountain winds thy pinions may be spread.



## THE EXILE'S LAMENT

WHEN Ireland's sons arose,  
And Nature's rights defended,  
I felt my country's woes,  
And in her ranks contended ;  
We fought,—we cannons braved  
And many a famed commander,  
Yet still our isle's enslaved,  
And we are doom'd to wander.

My father fell at Ross,  
My brother fell at Gorey,  
My mother mourns their loss,  
And tears her locks so hoary ;  
Whilst I, her only stay,  
Am now compell'd to leave her,  
And soon in sad array  
The cold earth must receive her.

I, too, could wish a grave,  
With tear-drops to deplore me,  
And Erin's grass to wave  
In mournful silence o'er me.  
Yet, ah ! where wild waves beat,  
With never-ceasing motion,  
Perchance my winding sheet  
May prove the foam of ocean.

For thee, oh Erin dear !  
I left each calm enjoyment ;  
For thee, with brow severe,  
Made war my sole employment.  
And now without a home,  
And girt with many a danger,  
A foreign shore I roam  
A poor suspected stranger.

And oft, while thus forlorn  
I wander earth and ocean,  
To thy green lap I turn  
With fervent fond devotion :

And if, amidst my woes,  
That love I cease to cherish,  
Or e'er forget thy foes,  
Oh Erin ! may I perish.

Yes, let misfortunes howl,  
Let every clime be cheerless,  
In thy great cause my soul  
Shall still be firm and fearless.  
The wretch whose arm maintains  
Oppression is the traitor ;  
But he who spurns his chains  
Obeys the great Creator.

Erin, my native land,  
Thy social manners warm me,  
I love thy clime so bland,  
Thy glens and mountains charm me.  
And oh ! if thou wert free,  
No spot of heaven's creation  
Would I prefer to thee,  
Thou dear delightful nation.

Though here the zephyrs blow,  
And Flora ne'er reposes,  
Though winter's placid brow  
Is deck'd with budding roses ;  
Yet, what are genial skies,  
And realms howe'er enchanting,  
Or wealth's all dazzling prize,  
If Liberty be wanting ?

Through shadiest dells I rove,  
Or where the vines are glowing,  
Or seek the orange grove  
While odorous gales are blowing ;  
Yet these, and bookish lore,  
Are all to me uncheering,  
To me, whose feet no more  
Must press the turf of Erin.

No more ! and why no more—  
Has heaven forsook our nation ;  
And must she writhe in gore,  
Or crouch in base prostration ?

Oh no ! she loathes the yoke,  
She feels undaunted bravery,  
And soon by one grand stroke  
May burst her bonds of slavery.

And then, oh grant it, God !  
When every wrong has vanish'd,  
When justice rules unawed,  
And man's proud foes are banish'd ;  
Let dead and living worth  
Be then embalm'd in story,  
And soon the ample earth  
Shall sound with Ireland's glory.

## THE COROMANTEES.

ON the wing for Barbadoes, and sweeping along  
    Before a brisk easterly gale,  
An African trader with wretchedness stored,  
With his crew half destroy'd and contagion on board,  
    Beheld on his quarter a sail.

It was war, and the tri-colour'd flag soon appear'd,  
    And a row of nine-pounders were shewn ;  
And now the poor slaves under hatches were placed,  
And the British oppressors beheld themselves chased  
    By a force far exceeding their own.

Now all their light sails to the turbulent wind  
The tars with despondency gave,  
While around the keen dolphin, more brilliantly dress'd  
Than the tropical morn or the humming-bird's breast,  
Made the flying-fish skim o'er the wave.

The master who saw that his flight was in vain,  
That the powers of his seamen were broke,  
Now ordered each resolute negro with speed,  
From his loathsome abode and his chains to be freed,  
And thus to the sufferers he spoke :—

“Yon bark, oh ! ye warriors, belongs to a race  
“Who laugh at the gods you adore,  
“Who will torture your frames, and enjoy your deep  
groans,  
“Who will roast you, and boil you, and pick all your  
bones,  
“And your names shall be heard of no more.

“Then say, oh ! ye negroes, ye Coromantees,  
“Whose prowess green Africa knows,

“ Say, will you submit to this cannibal band,  
“ And be swallowed up quick—or, with musket in hand,  
“ Say, will you these miscreants oppose ?”

“ Give us arms,” cried a slave who had once been a chief,  
And whose scars shew’d acquaintance with blood,  
“ Give us arms, and those sharks that infest the blue  
main,  
“ Those vultures that feast on the flesh of the slain,  
“ Shall pay, dearly pay for their food.”

“ Yes, yes, give us arms,” the stern negroes exclaimed,  
And their eye-balls ferociously glared.  
And now fore and aft, like the seamen array’d,  
Undaunted the fast sailing French they survey’d,  
And stood for the conflict prepared.

The foe now approaches, the battle begins,  
And the bravest are stunn’d by the roar ;  
Deep immersed in thick smoke, every sinew is strain’d,  
And they tug, and they shout, and the strife is main-  
tain’d  
Amidst crashings, and groanings, and gore.



Now the French try to board, but their daring design  
The slaves like fierce tigers oppose ;  
Where danger appears like a torrent they sweep,  
And the fearless assailants now plunge in the deep,  
Or expire on the decks of their foes.

With their sails all in tatters, exhausted, repell'd,  
Lo ! the Frenchmen sheer off in despair ;  
While the English, all joyous, behold them retire,  
Shake the hands of the negroes, their courage admire,  
And both with wild shouts rend the air.

Though the master exults, yet the conquering slaves  
Fill his soul with a thousand alarms ;  
Now he whispers the mates, and the brandy appears,  
The dance is proposed, and received with three cheers,  
And the Africans lay down their arms.

As the sharks, all voracious, in Congo's broad stream,  
Quickly dart human flesh to devour,  
So the mates and the master soon seize on their prey,  
And soon to the arm-chest those weapons convey  
Which bend groaning millions to power.

And now the bashaws give their fears to the gale,  
And resume their imperious tone ;  
And now the poor negroes again are confined,  
Again are their limbs to the deck-chains consign'd,  
And again in their fetters they groan.

Oh Britons ! behold in these Coromantees  
The fate of an agonized world,  
Where, in peace, a few lordlings hold millions in chains,  
Where, in war, for those lordlings men open their veins,  
And again to their dungeons are hurl'd !

But the period approaches when poor prostrate man  
Shall enjoy what the Deity gave ;  
When the oculist Reason shall touch his dim eyes,  
With a soul all abhorrence the sufferer shall rise,  
And undauntedly throw off the slave.

## AN EPITAPH

ON JOHN TAYLOR, (OF BOLTON LE MOORS) WHO DIED OF THE  
YELLOW FEVER, AT NEW YORK, SEPT. 11, 1805.

FAR from his kindred, friends, and native skies,  
Here, mouldering in the dust, poor Taylor lies ;  
Firm was his mind, and fraught with various lore,  
And his kind heart was never cold before.  
He loved his country—loved that spot of earth  
Which gave a Hampden, Milton, Bradshaw, birth ;  
But when that country, dead to all but gain,  
Bow'd her base head and hugg'd the oppressor's chain,  
Loathing the abject scene, he droop'd, he sigh'd,  
Cross'd the wild waves, and here untimely died.  
Stranger, whate'er thy country, creed, or hue,  
Go, and like him the moral path pursue ;  
Go, and for freedom every peril brave,  
And nobly scorn to hold, or be a slave.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF BARTHOLOMEW TILSKI,

A NATIVE OF THE NORTH OF POLAND,

Who, in attempting to free his country from the merciless grasp of foreigners, was taken prisoner, and, in the vigour of his days, publicly executed. Oh ! men of *Poland*, remember Tilski, and never, never forget, that he who is tamely a slave offends his God, and proves a traitor to the human race. The heroic fortitude with which he met his fate, the exalted qualities of his head and heart, shall all embalm his memory, and send it down sweet and pleasant to myriads yet unborn.

WHEN haughty Russia's bloody train,  
The scourge of half a groaning world,  
Shall sleep beneath our green domain,  
Or from our craggy coasts be hurl'd,  
Then, Tilski, o'er thy lowly grave  
Poland's warm sons shall sorrowing bend,  
Shall say—Here rests the truly brave,  
The tyrant's foe, the people's friend !

When Poland's flag shall proudly fly  
In spite of Russia's stern command,  
When injured millions shout for joy,  
And awful justice rules the land,  
Then oft at eve, with dewy eyes,  
Full many a melting maid shall come,  
And whilst they heave the softest sighs,  
Shall strew with flowers thy early tomb.

When the foul vampires of the state  
Shall fall, or flit in other skies ;  
When man, with equal laws elate,  
Shall feel the flood of mind arise ;  
Then to thy name the new-born land  
Shall many an ardent tribute pay,  
And time, with soft and soothing hand,  
Shall wipe thy kindred's tears away.

Then, too, the hoary sire shall tell,  
Whilst round his sons indignant glow,  
How the intrepid Tilski fell,  
Unmoved amid severest woe.—

Shall tell how torture stalk'd abroad,  
While smoking ruins mark'd his way,  
How murder flesh'd his sword unawed,  
And ruffian rape e'en prowld by day ;

Shall tell how these terrific woes  
The generous soul of Bartle fired,  
And how he join'd the oppressors' foes—  
How in great Nature's cause expired !  
Yes, Tilski ! while yon Dwina rolls,  
His foaming torrents to the sea,  
Dear, dauntless youth ! true Polish souls  
Shall ne'er forget their wrongs nor thee.

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM COWDROY.

YE lovers of social delights,  
Whose bosoms are mild and humane,  
Ah ! pause from your perilous rites,  
And mark for a moment my strain.  
Poor Cowdroy, by nature endow'd  
With talents to please and illume,  
To nature's dread fiat has bow'd,  
And silently sunk to the tomb.

There are who remember his powers  
Ere his nerves by decay were unstrung,  
Who remember how night's 'witching' hours  
By his fancies were speeded along ;

Who remember his eloquent eye,  
And those lips where benevolence play'd,  
And these, with true feeling, shall sigh  
O'er the turf where their favourite is laid.

I know there are those who disdain  
The verse that extols the obscure;  
But if fortunes were measured by brain,  
What numbers of these would be poor!  
The treasures poor Cowdroy possess'd  
Were funds of wit, humour, and whim,  
And thousands with plumbs may be blest  
For one that is favour'd like him.

As the elephant's trunk can upraise  
The lords of the forest, or straws,  
So Cowdroy could pun on a phrase,  
Or could advocate nature's great cause.  
If hate ever rankled his breast,  
'Twas against the dark foes of mankind,  
And each chain that corrodes the oppress'd  
'Twas the wish of his soul to unbind.



His heart was the nest of the dove,  
There gentleness found an abode,  
And, like the bright day-star, his love  
For the whole human family glow'd ;  
But that bosom, with feeling once fraught,  
And that tongue, the dispenser of mirth,  
And those eyes, ever beaming with thought,  
All, all are descended to earth !

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO BENJAMIN GIBSON, OCULIST, OF MANCHESTER,

By whose consummate skill the Author was again ushered to the light, after almost total blindness for 33 years, in the year 1807.

O GIBSON, ere those orbs of thine  
Received the sun's resplendent light,  
In far-off regions these of mine  
With many a pang were closed in night ;  
And in this soul-subduing plight,  
Forlorn I reach'd my native shore,  
Where some, extoll'd for talents bright,  
Believed my days of vision o'er.

From men of skill on Mersey's strand,  
Whose far-famed science nought avail'd,  
To men of skill throughout the land  
I pass'd, but every effort fail'd.

Time paced along,—and now assail'd  
By ills that oft on blindness wait,  
I felt, but neither crouch'd nor wail'd,  
But with firm silence bore my fate.

When first creation's forms withdrew,  
The tones of hope were sweet and clear,  
But soon they faint and fainter grew,  
' Then gently died upon the ear :  
And thus, in rosy youth's career,  
Was I of light and hope bereft ;  
Thus doom'd to penury severe,—  
Thus to the world's hard buffets left.

Now more than thirty times the globe  
Had round the sun her progress made,  
Since nature in a dark grey robe  
To these sad eyes had been array'd,  
When, lo ! by rigorous duty sway'd,  
To thee, oh Gibson ! I applied,  
And soon by thy transcendent aid,  
The new-form'd opening light supplied.

Oh ! what a contrast, thus to rise  
From dungeon-darkness into day ;  
To view again yon azure skies,  
And all the blooming flush of May ;  
Through busy streets to wind my way,  
And many a long-lost form to mark ;  
Oh ! what a heaven do these display,  
Compared with ever-during dark !

To me the seasons roll'd all gloom,  
But now the vast creation glows ;  
With bliss the hawthorn's silvery bloom  
I view, and summer's blushing rose ;  
With bliss, when withering autumn blows,  
The leaves slow falling I descry,  
And mark, amidst the wintery snows,  
The flakes in whirling eddies fly.

Before thy powers to me were known,  
My steps some friendly arm would guide,  
But now 'midst piping winds, alone,  
I range the country far and wide ;

And oft, while towering vessels glide,  
And skiffs athwart the white waves steer,  
I mark them as I skirt the tide,  
And fearless walk the crowded pier.

What though the light bestow'd by thee  
Is not the light of former days ;  
Though mists envelope all I see,  
Yet take, oh ! take my heartfelt praise.  
For was not I from heaven's blest rays  
Shut out through many a rolling year ?  
And oft remembering this I gaze  
Till feeling pours the grateful tear.

Oh ! thou hast wrought a wondrous change,—  
Hast usher'd me to light once more,—  
Hast given the mighty power to range  
Through mental paths unknown before ;  
Hast placed within my grasp the lore  
Of antient and of modern days ;  
And whilst I thus delighted pore,  
Shall I forget a Gibson's praise !

When the loved partner of my woe,  
And all my children I survey,  
Can I forget to whom I owe  
Those joys which through my bosom play ?  
No, Gibson ! every passing day  
Declares the debt I owe to thee,—  
Declares, whatever spleen may say,  
The wonders thou hast done for me.

She who has long her seaman mourn'd,  
As laid beneath the waves at rest,  
Yet now beholds the barque return'd,  
And once more folds him to her breast ;  
Oh ! she who thus has been distress'd,  
And thus the highest bliss has known,  
Oh ! she my woes can fancy best,  
And judge my transports by her own.

## LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIVERPOOL MARINE  
SOCIETY.

WHAT is life but an ocean, precarious as those  
Which surround this terraqueous ball ?  
What is man but a barque, often laden with woes ?  
What is death, but the harbour of all ?  
On our passage—to-day may be mild and serene,  
And our loftiest canvass be shewn,  
While to-morrow fierce tempests may blacken the scene,  
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,  
We all our light sails may display,  
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,  
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray ;

But ere we have reach'd our meridian, the gale  
From the point of ill-fortune may blow,  
And the sun of our being, all cheerless and pale,  
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience, when bound o'er the turbulent waves,  
Remembers that ills may arise,  
And with sedulous care, ere the danger he braves,  
His barque with spare tackle supplies.  
So you on life's ocean, with provident minds,  
Have here a spare anchor secured,  
With which, in despite of adversity's winds,  
The helpless may one day be moor'd.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue main,  
And snow-storms and shipwrecks abound ;  
When hollow-cheek'd famine inflicts her fell pain,  
And the swamp flings destruction around ;  
When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,  
And myriads are robb'd of their breath,  
This wise institution may come o'er the mind,  
And may soften the pillow of death.



The poor widow'd mourner, the sweet prattling throng,

And the veteran whose powers are no more,

Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,

And to chase meagre want from their door.

This is 'tempering the wind to the lamb newly shorn,'

This is following the ant's prudent ways,

And, O blest institution ! the child yet unborn

With rapture shall lisp forth thy praise.

TO

## A BALD-HEADED POETICAL FRIEND.

WHENE'ER a mount rich ore contains,  
Of trees and shrubs 'tis ever bare ;  
So where we find poetic brains  
We seldom see luxuriant hair.  
Perhaps the heat which minerals yield  
The vegetative power destroys,  
So where poetic fire's conceal'd  
The surface oft uncover'd lies.  
The mount is, too, an emblem meet  
Of his reward who strikes the lyre ;  
For in these days, howe'er replete  
The bard may be with innate fire,  
Yet will his covering, spite of all his care,  
Prove but too often, like the mountain's—bare.

## TO THE GOUT.

LORD of the trembling nerve and sleepless eye,  
Full sixteen winters now have roll'd away  
Since first I felt thy lacerating sway,  
And bow'd before thee with a sullen sigh.  
Yes, sixteen years, and 'mid the inclement blast,  
Still to my cozie hearth, and elbow chair,  
In flannels wrapt, wouldst thou, oh gout ! repair,  
Making each visit longer than the last.  
Oh ! how I loathe thy presence ; yet as true,  
As is the swallow to the April flower,  
Still wouldst thou come with renovated power,  
And more than all my former pangs renew.  
But now,—Oh ! thanks to Zoonomia's page,  
Pure element I quaff, and scorn thy bloated rage.

## TOUSSAINT TO HIS TROOPS.

WHETHER forced from burning shores,  
Where the tawny lion roars ;  
Whether doom'd, with stripes and chains,  
Here to dress your native plains ;  
Men of noble bearing, say,  
Shall we crouch to Gallia's sway ;  
Shall we wield again the hoe,  
Taste again the cup of woe ;  
Or shall we rouse, and, with the lightning's force,  
Blast the relentless foe, and desolate his course ?

When the world's eternal Sire  
Placed on high yon glorious fire,  
Were the splendid beams design'd  
For a part of human kind ?

No ! ye sable warriors, no !  
All that live partake the glow :  
Thus, on man, the impartial God  
Light, and winds, and rains bestow'd ;  
And widely thus were pour'd his dearest rights,  
And he who slights the gift—the Almighty donor slights.

Now with canvass white as foam,  
See the vaunted legions come,  
Nerved by freedom, once they rose  
And o'erwhelm'd a world of foes :  
Now by freedom nerved no more,  
Lo ! the miscreants seek our shore ;  
Yes, the French, who waste their breath,  
Chaunting liberty or death,  
Sweep the blue waves at usurpation's word,  
And bring, oh, fiends accursed ! oppression or the sword.

Men, whose famish'd sides have felt  
Strokes by dastard drivers dealt ;  
Men, whose sorrowing souls have borne  
Wrong and outrage, toil and scorn ;

Men, whose wives the pallid brood  
Have, by torturing arts, subdu'd ;  
Friends of Toussaint ! warriors brave !  
Call to mind the mangled slave ?

And, oh ! remember, should your foes succeed,  
That not yourselves alone, but all you love, must bleed !

Fathers ! shall the tiny race,  
Objects of your fond embrace,  
They who 'neath the tamarind tree,  
Oft have gaily climb'd your knee,  
Fathers, shall those prattlers share,  
Pangs that slaves are doom'd to bear ?  
Shall their mirth and lisp'ing tones  
Be exchanged for shrieks and groans ?

And shall those arms that round your necks have twined,  
Be to the twisted thong and endless toil consign'd !

Towering spirits ! ye who broke  
Slavery's agonizing yoke ;  
Ye, who like the whirlwind rush'd,  
And your foes to atoms crush'd ;

Ye, who from Domingo's strand,  
Swept the daring British band ;  
Ye, oh warriors ! ye, who know  
Freedom's bliss and slavery's woe,  
Say ! shall we bow to Bonaparte's train,  
Or with unshaken nerves yon murderous whites disdain ?

From those eyes that round me roll,  
Wildly flash the indignant soul ;  
On those rugged brows I see,  
Stern unyielding liberty.  
Yes ! your daring aspects show,  
France shall soon repent the blow ;  
Soon shall famish'd sharks be fed ;  
Vultures soon shall tear the dead ;  
Oh glorious hour ! now, now, yon fiends defy,  
Assert great nature's cause, live free, or bravely die.

## JEMMY ARMSTRONG.

ON a neat little farm in the north of green Erin,  
Lived poor Jemmy Armstrong, a stranger to woe,  
Uninjured, his manners were mild and endearing,  
But the dark-brow'd oppressor soon found him a foe.  
The rose had twice bloom'd since with soul all delighted,  
To a love-beaming maiden his vows had been plighted,  
And now those fine feelings of man were excited,  
Which none but the husband, the father can know.

When the wrongs of the female were daily increasing,  
And men were half murder'd to make them confess ;  
When the deeds of the fire-brand and lash were un-  
ceasing,  
And the castle's meek inmates refused all redress ;  
When Erin thus groan'd in the deepest prostration,  
Brave Armstrong arose, and with keen indignation,  
Resolved to unite for his country's salvation,  
And sweep off those ruffians who came to oppress.



Can resistance be wrong? did the all-wise creator

Mistake when he form'd us for freedom inclined?

No! he who surrenders his rights is the traitor;

Not he whose bold deeds would unshackle mankind.

The union that Irishmen then were pursuing,

May one day involve their oppressors in ruin,

But uniting, alas! was poor Armstrong's undoing;

He was sworn to, arraign'd, and to death soon con-  
sign'd.

In a dank loathsome dungeon, with none to befriend him,

Behold this state culprit hemm'd round by his foes,

Whilst with keenness the priest and the justice attend  
him,

Disclosure or death—instant death, to propose.

“Oh! never,” exclaim'd the brave Armstrong, “oh!  
never:

“All the ties that attach me to life you may sever;

“But Erin's warm friends shall be dear to me ever;

“I can die, but their names I can never disclose.”

L. of C.

Then view his pale partner, with aspect all sadness,  
His child in her arms, and despair in her eye :—  
“Oh Armstrong!” she cried, “do not drive me to  
“madness ;  
“On my knees I entreat you, for Christ’s sake comply.  
“A widow, an orphan, oh ! let me conjure you,  
“Divulge, and a pardon these worthies ensure you ;  
“Let me—let your child, to existence allure you,  
“And reflect, if you suffer, for want we may die.”

“Divulge ! Oh my love ! and would you too degrade  
“me ?”

Poor Armstrong replied, in a heart-moving tone,  
“Would you, for an odious existence, persuade me  
“The great cause of Erin and God to disown ?  
“You talk of the widow and orphan contending  
“With life’s thorny woes, till my heart-strings are  
“rending ;  
“But reflect, should my fortitude prove not unbending,  
“What widows must weep, and what orphans must  
“mourn !”

“ And will you, Oh Armstrong ! to shield them from  
anguish,

“ Will you leave this fond bosom, this baby, to mourn ?

“ Without your exertions, ah ! how must we languish,

“ Exposed, all unfriended, to insult and scorn !

“ When foodless, and tatter’d, and steep’d in dejection,

“ Will the comrades you die for afford us protection ?

“ For their wives and children you shew warm affection,

“ Yet cold as the snow-blast you leave us forlorn.”

“ Then hear me,” he cried,—“ By the Great Power of

“ Heaven,

“ Though the strong cords of nature are twined

“ round my heart,

“ By me not the name of a friend shall be given,

“ Nor one trace of their plans will I ever impart !”

He ceased, and the ear with wild sorrow was wounded,

The priest and the justice were stunn’d and confounded,

While the name of brave Armstrong through Ireland

was sounded,

Who died, and from virtue disdain’d to depart.

## SONG

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1791.

GALLIA burst her vile shackles on this glorious day,  
And we dare to applaud the great deed ;  
We dare to exult in a tyrant's lost sway,  
And rejoice when a nation is freed :  
For this we assemble, regardless of those  
Who wish to enslave the free mind.  
Our foes we are conscious are liberty's foes,  
And our friends are the friends of mankind.

'Gainst a movement so vast, tho' the privileged train  
With all their proud minions inveigh,  
Yet high-minded France views the scene with disdain,  
And the rubbish of time sweeps away.

And, hark! her strong voice bids the nations arise,  
And enjoy what the Deity gave ;  
To be free is a duty man owes the All-wise,  
And he sins who is tamely a slave.

Oppression's dark vapours had shrouded the land,  
And the image of God was defaced,  
Man trembled and crouch'd at his lordling's command,  
And the foot which had spurn'd him embraced ;  
But at length the horizon, by learning's bright rays  
And Columbia's strong tempest was clear'd,  
Light pour'd o'er the nation in one brilliant blaze,  
Man saw, and his chains disappear'd.

Where millions of bayonets shield her from harm,  
'Mongst our neighbours now liberty dwells ;  
She smiles unappall'd at each foreign alarm,  
And her smile all that gloomy dispels.  
On the rock of man's rights she a fortress has plann'd,  
Which through many a bright age shall endure,  
Like a craig among waves, undisturb'd it shall stand,  
And preserve heaven's blessing secure.

With electrical force, through the nations around,  
Her fire may dear liberty dart;  
Mong the sons of the north may its glow soon be found,  
May it warm each Iberian heart;  
'Cross the huge snowy Alps, to a region once dear,  
May the soul-lifting influence be hurl'd;  
May its radiance the whole human family cheer,  
And may tyrants be banish'd the world !

## SOLICITUDE.

OFT when the tempest lords it wide,  
I skirt the roaring sea, Mary,  
Or through the rocking forest glide,  
And mope and brood on thee, Mary ;  
Now dark despair my mind enshrouds,  
Now hope displays her light, Mary,  
Like the wan moon 'midst driving clouds,  
Now muffled, and now bright, Mary.

If in the social circle press'd,  
While all around is glee, Mary,  
Unmoved I sit, a silent guest,  
And think on love and thee, Mary ;  
I see thee girt with splendid beaux,  
Yet these no tortures bring, Mary,  
The butterfly plays round the rose,  
But has no power to sting, Mary.

The gorgeous fool, who vaunts his wealth,  
Creates no anxious thought, Mary,  
Like mental peace and rosy health,  
Thy love can ne'er be bought, Mary ;  
But oh ! perchance some polish'd youth,  
Well skill'd in guile and art, Mary,  
With 'witching tongue may vow his truth,  
And steal into thy heart, Mary.

Yet even then, refused, depress'd,  
Nay steep'd in blackest woe, Mary,  
Yes, even then, if thou wert blest,  
No more my complaints should flow, Mary.  
But Oh ! my heart declares the lie,  
Declares it then would burst, Mary,  
Declares thou must each suit deny,  
Or oh ! I shall be curst, Mary.



## THE ARDENT LOVER.

AH Mary ! by that feeling mind,  
Improved by thought, by taste refined,  
And by those blue bewitching eyes,  
And by those soul-seducing sighs,  
And by that cheek's delicious bloom,  
And by those lips that breathe perfume,  
Here do I bow at beauty's shrine,  
And pledge this glowing heart of mine.

The tame, the impotent of soul,  
A haughty mandate may control,  
May make him slight a Helen's charms,  
And take a dowdy to his arms ;  
But when did dark maternal schemes,  
Or the stern father's towering dreams,  
Or when did power, or affluence move  
The heart sublimed by real love ?

The cold slow thing that tamely woos,  
Just as his worldly friends may chuse,  
Is but a snail on beauty's rose,  
That crawls and soils where'er he goes.  
Not so the youth whose mantling veins  
Are fill'd with love's ecstatic pains,  
He heeds nor gold, nor craft, nor pride,  
But strains, all nerve, his blushing bride.

Come then, oh ! come, and let me find  
A pleader in thy feeling mind,  
And let the beams from those blue eyes  
Disperse the clouds that round me rise ;  
And let those lips that breathe perfume,  
With speed pronounce my blissful doom,  
With speed, before the sacred shrine,  
Pledge thy dear self for ever mine.

## THE LASS OF LIVERPOOL.

WHERE cocoas lift their tufted heads,  
And orange blossoms scent the breeze,  
Her charms the mild Mulatto spreads,  
And moves with soft and wanton ease ;  
And I have seen her witching wiles,  
And I have kept my bosom cool,  
For how could I forget thy smiles,  
O ! lovely lass of Liverpool.

The softest tint the conch displays,  
The cheek of her I love outvies,  
And the sea breeze 'midst burning rays,  
Is not more cheering than her eyes ;  
Dark as the petrel is her hair,  
And Sam, who calls me love-sick fool,  
Ne'er saw a tropic bird more fair  
Than my sweet lass of Liverpool.

Though doom'd from early life to brave  
The feverish swamp and furious blast,  
Though doom'd to face the foam-capt wave,  
And mount the yard and quivering mast ;  
Though doom'd to brave each noxious soil,  
And train'd in stern misfortune's school,  
Yet still, O ! 'twould be bliss to toil  
For thee, sweet lass of Liverpool.

And when we reach the crowded pier,  
And the broad yards are quickly mann'd,  
O ! should my lovely girl be near,  
And sweetly smile, and wave her hand,  
With ardent soul I'd spring to shore,  
And, scorning dull decorum's rule,  
To my fond bosom o'er and o'er  
Would press the lass of Liverpool.

## BLUE-EYED MARY.

IN a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,  
Like a rose in a desert, oh ! view the meek maid,  
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,  
And a bosom for which e'en a hermit might sigh ;  
Then in neat Sunday gown, see her met by the 'squire,  
All attraction her countenance, his all desire,  
He accosts her, she blushes, he flatters, she smiles,  
And soon Blue-eyed Mary's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er,  
But the fleece when once stain'd can know whiteness  
no more ;  
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,  
To town the squire presses, how can she deny.

There behold her in lodgings, she dresses in style,  
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle,  
Learns to squander, they quarrel, his love turns to hate,  
And soon Blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,  
With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's name,  
She tries for a service, her character's gone,  
And for skill at her needle, alas ! 'tis unknown.  
Pale want now approaches, the pawnbroker's near,  
And her trinkets and clothes one by one disappear,  
Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,  
The poor blue-eyed Mary is forced on the town.

In a brothel now see her, trick'd out to allure,  
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to endure ;  
Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and feign,  
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain.  
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,  
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd ;  
This worst of all misery she's doom'd to endure,  
For the poor blue-eyed Mary is now an Impure.

Whilst thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,  
She flies for relief to that traitor, the bowl,  
Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,  
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.  
Now with eyes dim and languid, this once blooming  
    maid,  
In a garret on straw, faint and helpless, is laid,  
Oh ! mark her pale cheek, see, she scarce takes her  
    breath,  
And lo ! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

## WILL CLEWLINE.

FROM Jamaica's hot clime, and her pestilent dews,  
From the toil of a sugar-stow'd barque,  
From the perilous boatings that oft thin the crews,  
And fill the wide maw of the shark ;  
From fever, storm, famine, and all the sad store  
Of hardships by seamen endured,  
Behold poor Will Clewline escaped, and, once more,  
With his wife and his children safe moor'd.

View the rapture that beams in his sun-embrown'd face,  
While he folds his loved Kate to his breast,  
While his little ones, trooping to share his embrace,  
Contend who shall first be caress'd :  
View them climb his loved knee, whilst each tiny heart  
swells,  
As he presses the soft rosy lip,  
And of cocoa nuts, sugar, and tamarinds tells,  
That are soon to arrive from the ship.



Then see him reclined on his favorite chair,  
With his arm round the neck of his love,  
Who tells how his friends and his relatives fare,  
And how their dear younglings improve.  
The evening approaches, and, round the snug fire,  
The little ones sport on the floor,  
When lo ! while delight fills the breast of the sire,  
Loud thunderings are heard at the door.

And now, like a tempest that sweeps through the sky,  
And kills the first buds of the year,  
Oh ! view, midst this region of innocent joy,  
A gang of fierce hirelings appear ;  
They seize on their prey all relentless as fate,  
He struggles—is instantly bound,  
Wild scream the poor children, and lo ! his loved Kate  
Sinks pale and convulsed to the ground.

To the hold of a tender, deep, crowded, and foul,  
Now view your brave seaman confined,  
And on the bare planks, all indignant of soul,  
All unfriended, behold him reclined.

The children's wild screamings still ring in his ear,  
He broods on his Kate's poignant pain,  
He hear's the cat hawling—his pangs are severe,  
He feels, but he scorns to complain.

Arrived now at Plymouth, the poor enslaved tar  
Is to combat for freedom and laws,  
Is to brave the rough surge in a vessel of war,  
He sails—and soon dies in the cause.  
Kate hears the sad tidings, and never smiles more,  
She falls a meek martyr to grief,  
His children, kind friends and relations deplore,  
But the parish alone gives relief.

Ye statesmen who manage this cold-blooded land,  
And who boast of your seamen's exploits,  
Ah! think how your death-dealing bulwarks are mann'd  
And learn to respect human rights.  
Like felons, no more let the sons of the main  
Be sever'd from all that is dear ;  
If their sufferings and wrongs be a national stain,  
O ! let the foul stain disappear.

## THE FAREWELL.

THE shivering topsails home are sheeted,  
And cheerly goes the windlass round,  
Heave, heave, my hearts, is oft repeated,  
And Mary sighs at every sound.  
The yellow fever, scattering ruin,  
The shipwreck'd veteran's dying cries,  
And war, the decks with carnage strewing,  
All, all, before her fancy rise.

As bends the primrose, meek and lowly,  
All bruised by April's pelting hail,  
So, while the anchor rises slowly,  
Poor Mary droops, distress'd and pale.  
And oft, while at his handspike toiling,  
Full many a glance her seaman steals,  
And oft he tries, by gaily smiling,  
To hide the parting pang he feels.

Now through the blocks the wind is howling,  
The pilot to the helmsman cries,  
And now the bulky ship is rolling,  
And now aloft the sea-boy flies.  
The whiten'd canvass swift is spreading,  
Around the bows the surges foam,  
And many a female tear is shedding,  
And thoughts prevail for love and home.

Her tar among the sun-burnt faces,  
Now Mary views with fond regard,  
Now o'er the deck his form she traces,  
Now, trembling, sees him on the yard.  
Where'er he moves, alert and glowing,  
Her beauteous azure eyes pursue,  
Those eyes that shew, with grief o'erflowing,  
Like violets wet with morning dew.

Unmoved, 'midst regions wild and dreary,  
Poor WILL had pass'd through woes severe,  
Yet now from far he views his Mary,  
And turns to hide a falling tear.

The biting winds blow strong and stronger,  
And the broad waves more wildly swell,  
WILL hears the boat can wait no longer,  
And springs abaft to bid farewell.

“Oh, my sweet girl!” with strong emotion,  
The tar exclaims, “now, now adieu!  
“I go to brave the changeful ocean,  
“Yet thou shalt find me ever true.”  
With quivering lip and deep dejection,  
“Heaven shield my WILL,” she cries, “from harms.”  
His look bespeaks extreme affection,  
And now he locks her in his arms

Again the boatmen, hoarsely bawling,  
Declare they cannot, will not, stay,  
And though the crew the cat are hawling,  
Yet WILL must see his love away.  
Now at the side expression ceases,  
She gains the skiff, she makes for land,  
And 'twixt them as the brine increases,  
They gaze, they sigh, they wave the hand.

## THE RETURN.

HOARSE swept the gale o'er Cambrian snows,  
And capt old Mersey's brine with foam,  
Hoarse swept the gale, in dark clouds clad,  
When Mary, sighing, left her home.  
The barque that bore her love, 'twas fear'd,  
Had foundered 'd 'midst the Atlantic roar,  
And e'en those friends that talk'd of hope,  
Believed she ne'er would see him more.

Full many a wild and fearful night  
Had Mary listen'd to the storm,  
And cankering grief had now assail'd  
Her rosy cheek and lovely form.  
Heaven's brightest azure tinged her eye,  
Profuse her auburn ringlets flow'd,  
And though to porsy pomp unknown,  
Her heart was virtue's pure abode.

O'er the rough beach the mourner stray'd,  
Sad brooding thoughts had nerved her mind,  
Unmoved she heard the wild waves beat,  
Unmoved she braved the piercing wind.  
And now, beyond the sable point,  
With snow-white sails and crippled mast,  
Rock'd by the surge, a barque appear'd,  
And soon the ponderous anchor cast.

Awhile, with hope, the wanderer gaz'd,  
But now in tones to nature true,  
"A three-mast ship is mine," she cried,  
"And yon, alas ! has only two."  
The sea-mew scream'd, the night approach'd,  
The tempest swept with wilder roar,  
And though her cheeks were cold as death,  
Yet still she prest along the shore.

And now the whirling blast increased,  
She paused—she eyed the raging flood,  
When lo ! a skiff with rapid wing,  
Made for the rocks on which she stood.

The well-arm'd crew soon reach'd the shore,  
    'Twas frolic all, and gibe, and joke,  
When one with manly port drew near,  
    And thus to trembling Mary spoke :—

“But just return'd to Britain's strand,  
    “To all that seamen hold most dear,  
“We dread the press, and you, my love,  
    “Can say if we have ought to fear.”  
“Oh God ! that voice,” poor Mary cried,  
    “ Oh 'tis my WILL ! my joy ! my life ! ”  
Expression ceased, and, quick as thought,  
    WILL sprung and caught his falling wife.

“ Oh heavens ! 'tis she,” the tar exclaim'd,  
    And strain'd her to his glowing heart,  
“ Oh ! 'tis my love, and would to heaven  
    “ We never, never more might part.”  
And now the sun-burnt crew advance,  
    And now through secret paths they roam,  
And, noiseless, soon all reach the town,  
    And taste the dear delights of home.



## THE WINTER PASSAGE.

IN labouring home from noxious skies,

While winter holds his furious reign,

Severest hardships oft arise

To Britain's rugged sea-beat train.

Then list to what these fearless souls,

Are doom'd, alas ! to undergo,

While you enjoy convivial bowls,

And all that friendly hearths bestow.

When for Hibernia's craggy shore

The seaman looks with anxious gaze,

And thinks his sufferings nearly o'er,

And talks of future joyous days ;

Oft clad in ice, and hail, and snow,

The baleful eastern blasts will come,

Inflicting many a bitter woe,

And baffling all attempts for home.

Impetuous now the tempest raves,  
The barque no longer cleaves the deep,  
But lies exposed to hideous waves,  
That with o'erwhelming fury sweep ;  
While, with the surges still in view,  
And holding fast whene'er they break,  
The patient tar, drench'd through and through,  
All shivering walks the slippery deck.

The sleet descends in cutting showers,  
And now the blasts grow more severe,  
The pumps require unusual powers,  
The boats one block of ice appear ;  
Each cord is glazed, and now the frost  
Fills the poor sea-boys limbs with pain,  
Yet all with firmness keep their post,  
All feel, but know not to complain.

Still fiercely howls the adverse storm,  
And now their putrid fare grows scant,  
Yet all their perilous tasks perform,  
Unmurmuring at the pangs of want ;

Yes, though inured to scorching soils,  
    Though now of food and lodging bare,  
With hollow cheek each veteran toils,  
    Yet scorns the meanness of despair.

Soon as the dreary watch expires,  
    He seeks that balm which sleep affords,  
And now he dreams of glowing fires,  
    Of cheering bowls, and plenteous boards.  
All hands are call'd,—he wakes, he sighs,  
    Throws on his cold and dripping clothes,  
Then mounts the deck, and there descries  
    That change which softens all his woes.

The wind's at west, the frost is o'er,  
    With glee they loose each long-furl'd sail,  
And now the vessel makes for shore,  
    And none but soothing thoughts prevail.  
The dark-plumed divers now appear,  
    And soon is seen the snow-clad land,  
Swift past the rocky coast they steer,  
    And view at length old Mersey's strand.

## THE NEGLECTED TAR.

TO ocean's sons I lift the strain,  
A race renown'd in story ;  
A race whose wrongs are Britain's stain,  
Whose deeds are Britain's glory.  
By them, when courts have banish'd peace,  
Your sea-girt land's protected,  
But when war's horrid thunderings cease,  
These bulwarks are neglected.

When thickest darkness covers all,  
Far on the trackless ocean,  
When lightnings dart and thunders roll,  
And all is wild commotion ;

When o'er the barque the foam-capt waves,  
    With boisterous sweep are rolling,  
The seaman feels, yet nobly braves,  
    The storm's terrific howling.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,  
    Where scorching beams assail him,  
When all the canvass hangs supine,  
    And food and water fail him,  
Then oft he dreams of that loved shore,  
    Where joys are ever reigning,—  
The watch is called, his rapture's o'er,  
    He sighs, but scorns complaining.

Now deep immersed in sulphurous smoke,  
    Behold him at his station,  
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,  
    And moves, all animation.  
The battle roars, the ship's a wreck,  
    He smiles amid the danger,  
And though his messmates strew the deck,  
    To fear his soul's a stranger.

Or burning on that noxious coast,  
Where death so oft befriends him ;  
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,  
True courage still attends him :  
No clime can this eradicate,  
He glories in annoyance,  
He, fearless, braves the storms of fate,  
And bids grim death defiance.

Why should the man, who knows no fear,  
In peace be thus neglected ?  
Behold him move along the pier,  
Pale, meagre, and dejected ;  
He asks a birth, with downcast eye,  
His prayers are disregarded,  
Refused—ah ! hear the veteran sigh,  
And say,—are tars rewarded ?

Much to these fearless souls you owe,  
In peace would you neglect them ?  
What say you, patriot souls ? Oh no !  
Admire, preserve, protect them.

And oh ! reflect, if war again  
Should menace your undoing,  
Reflect who then would sweep the main,  
And shield your realm from ruin.

## CHORUS.

Then oh ! protect the hardy tar,  
Be mindful of his merit,  
And if pure justice urge the war,  
He'll shew his daring spirit.

## ABSENCE.

WHEN through the wild unfathom'd deep,  
Wet with the briny spray, we sweep,  
To Kate, to lovely Kate, and home,  
My anxious thoughts unceasing roam.  
Again I see her on the pier,  
Again behold the falling tear,  
Again I view her bosom swell,  
And hear the sorrowing word 'farewell.'

When all is calm, and the bleach'd sails  
Are furl'd, or hanging in the brayls,  
The wide expanse of glassy sea,  
And sky from cloudy vapours free,  
While thoughtless o'er the side I lean,  
Bring to my mind the placid mien  
Of that dear girl whom I adore,  
And left in tears on Albion's shore.



Or when the fierce tornadoes howl,  
And nerve the fearless seaman's soul,  
The towering surges as they break  
Display the whiteness of her neck ;  
The petrels, too, that seem to tread  
The foamy brine, with wings outspread,  
Oft bring the ebon locks to mind  
Of that dear girl I left behind.

When on my watch, the dawn full oft  
Has shewn those tints, so mild and soft,  
That mark the lip and cheek of her  
Whom I 'bove all the world prefer.  
And thus, where'er the seaman goes,  
'Midst torrid heat or polar snows.  
Some image still recalls to mind  
The witching charms he leaves behind.

## ENTREATY.

AH ! Mary, when I'm far away,  
And landmen spread their wily snares,  
Ah ! heed not what those flatterers say,  
But think on one whom ocean bears,  
On one, who, when the furious blast  
Tears up, and whitens o'er the sea,  
High on the yard or quivering mast,  
Oft heaves a sigh, and thinks on thee.

When gay trimm'd sparks about thee swarm,  
Like humming-birds round some sweet flower,  
And praise, with pertness, every charm,  
And oft confess thy witching power ;  
Say, Mary, wilt thou then forget  
That youth who scorns all flattery,  
That youth who broils 'midst torrid heat,  
And, spite of perils, sighs for thee ?

Should form, and art, and wealth unite

In one of these, ah ! Mary, say,

Couldst thou his soft advances slight,

For sake of one so far away ?

Couldst thou forego an affluent state,

And all the pomp of high degree,

To share, perhaps, the lowly fate

Of one who brings but love for thee ?

If so, ah ! tell me, tell me why

Should we the rapturous hours delay ?

Be mine, and all my doubts will fly,

Like fogs before the rising day.

Yes, dearest girl, while yet on shore,

Oh ! let me taste of ecstasy,

Give, give thy hand, I ask no more,

For 'twill be bliss to toil for thee.

## THE COMPLAINT.

THE bulfinch no music can boast,  
While wandering the gardens among,  
But nature, when freedom is lost,  
Endows the poor captive with song.  
So I, ere my heart could approve,  
Regarded not melody's page,  
But now I am fetter'd by love,  
And with sounds I my anguish assuage.

When I caroll'd of war and of wine,  
In hopes to abandon my pain,  
Discordance has mark'd every line,  
And I've found all my efforts were vain.

'Tis the plaintive alone which can please,  
    'Tis the plaintive which soothes my fond soul ;  
Yet, often, those cordials that ease  
    Raise a malady 'bove all control.

The notes of the lark give me pain,  
    His music too cheerfully flows,  
But the Robin's soft querulous strain  
    Is in unison still with my woes.  
I have heard of the nightingale's lay,  
    But his song to the north is unknown,  
Ah ! would he but travel this way,  
    I would listen all night to his moan.

The joyous I cautiously shun,  
    Their mirth is disgusting to me ;  
Nay, I loathe e'en the glare of the sun,  
    For it acts on my feelings like glee.  
When the mole leaves his darksome retreat,  
    When the urchin is seeking for prey,  
When the poor harass'd hare quits her seat,  
    O'er the moorlands by moonlight I stray.

When I dream of my love, and awake,  
Though disdain had appear'd in her eye,  
Chagrin'd, every method I take  
The delusion again to enjoy.  
Oh ! Lucy, attend to the strain,  
Of one who but feebly can sue ;  
Oh ! Lucy, reject not a swain  
Who loves with a passion so true.

## SUPERSTITION.

A FRAGMENT.

IN early days

If kings were made by men, and that they were,  
And still should be, the light of nature shews,  
How comes it then that earth is fill'd with slaves ?  
How comes it then that man, this reasoning thing,  
This being with such faculties endow'd,  
This being form'd to trace the Great First Cause  
Through many a wondrous path,—how comes it then  
That he, in every clime, should cringe, should crouch,  
Should bend the imploring eye and trembling knee  
To mere self-raised oppressors ? Heavens ! to think  
That not a tithe of all the sons of men  
E'er kiss'd thy sacred cup, O Liberty !  
To find, where'er imagination roves,  
Millions on millions prostrate in the dust,  
Whilst o'er their necks, with proud contemptuous mien,  
Kings, emperors, sultans, sophies, what you will,

With all their pamper'd minions, sorely press,  
Grinding God's creatures to the very bone ;—  
Yet man submits to all ! He tamely licks  
The foot upraised to trample on his rights !  
He shakes his chains, and in their horrid clank  
Finds melody ; else why not throw them off ?  
Seven hundred millions of the human kind  
Are held in base subjection,—and by whom ?  
Why, strange to tell, and what futurity,  
As children at the tales of witch or sprite,  
Will bless themselves to hear,—by a small troop  
Of weak capricious despots, fiends accursed,  
Who drench the earth with tides of human gore  
And call the havoc glory. Britons, yes !  
Seven hundred millions of your fellow men,  
All form'd like you the blessing to enjoy,  
Now drag the servile chain.—Oh ! fie upon't !  
'Twere better far within the clay-cold cell  
To waste away, than be at such a price.  
Poor whip-gall'd slaves ! Oh ! 'tis debasement all :  
'Tis filthy cowardice, and shews that man  
Merits too oft, by his degenerate deeds,



The yoke which bends him down. Power's limpid stream  
Must have its source within a people's hearts :  
What flows not thence is turbid tyranny.  
Rank are the despot weeds which now o'er-run  
This ample world, and choke each goodly growth ;  
But that supine loud vaunting thing, call'd man,  
Might soon eradicate so foul a pest,  
Would he exert those powers which God has given  
To be the means of good : and what more good,  
More rational, nay, more approaching heaven,  
Than the strong joys which flow from Freedom's fount ?  
Yon radiant orb, vast emblem of the Power  
Who form'd him, beams alike on all mankind ;  
The air which, as a mantle, girts the world  
Is too a common good ; and even so,  
With amplest bounty, Liberty is given.  
To man, whate'er his tint, swart, brown, or fair ;  
Whate'er his clime, hot, cold, or temperate ;  
Whate'er his mode of faith ; whate'er his state,  
Or rich, or poor, great nature cries be free.  
How comes it then that man neglects the call ?  
Nay, like the callous felon, chuckles loud

Amidst eroding chains ? Can that Great Cause  
Who made man free—both mind and body free,  
And gave him reason, as a sentinel,  
To guard the glorious gift, can He be pleased  
To see his rich donation cast away,  
Or pass'd with inattention, as not worth  
The acceptance of his creatures ? No, my friends :  
Whate'er God gives he gives to be enjoy'd,  
But not abused ; and the mean wretch, who 'neath  
A tyrant's feet this precious jewel throws,  
Spurns the vast Power who placed it in his hands.  
How comes it then that minds are thus abased ?  
That man, though nature loudly calls " be free,"  
Has closed his eyes against her, and become  
A mean, a grovelling wretch ! Why thus it is,  
Oh, Superstition ! thou who point'st to man  
And call'st the fragile piece a demi-god ;  
Yes ! thou who wanderest o'er the world, array'd  
In pure religion's mantle ; thou whose breath  
Conveys those potent opiates to the brain  
Which bring on reason's sleep ; O ! dark-brow'd fiend,  
All, all these works are thine !

## WEST INDIAN ECLOGUES.

## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

*Scene—JAMAICA. Time—MORNING.*

THE eastern clouds declare the coming day,  
The din of reptiles (*e*) slowly dies away ;  
The mountain tops just glimmer on the eye,  
And from their bulky sides the breezes (*f*) fly ;  
The ocean's margin beats the varied strand,  
Its hoarse deep murmurs reach the distant land ;  
The sons of misery, Britain's foulest stain,  
Arise from friendly sleep to pining pain,  
Arise, perchance, from dreams of Afric's soil,  
To slavery, hunger, cruelty, and toil :  
When, slowly moving to their tasks assign'd,  
Two sable friends thus eased the labouring mind.

JUMBA.

Oh ! say, Adoma, whence that heaving sigh ?  
Or is thy Yaro sick, or droops thy boy ?  
Or say what other woe—

ADOMA.

These wounds behold.

JUMBA.

Alas ! by them too plain thy griefs are told ;  
But whence or why these stripes ? My injured friend,  
Declare how one so mild could thus offend.

ADOMA.

I'll tell thee, Jumba.—'Twas but yesterday,  
As in the field we toil'd our strength away,  
My gentle Yaro with her hoe was nigh,  
And on her back she bore my infant boy ;  
The sultry heats had parch'd his little throat,  
His head reclined, I heard his wailing note ;  
The mother, at his piteous cries distress'd,  
Now paused from toil to hush him into rest ;  
But soon, alas ! the savage driver came,  
And with his cow-skin cut her tender frame ;  
Loudly he tax'd her laziness, and then

He cursed the boy, and ply'd his lash again.  
Jumba, I saw the deed,—I heard her grief,  
Could I do less?—I flew to her relief;  
I fell before him, sued, embraced his knee,  
And bade his anger vent itself on me.  
Spurn'd from his feet, I dared to catch his hand,  
Nor loosed it, Jumba, at his dread command;  
For, blind with rage, at one indignant blow,  
I thought to lay the pale-faced tyrant low,  
But sudden stopp'd; for now the whites came round,  
They seized my arms, my Yaro saw me bound.  
Need I relate what follow'd?

JUMBA.

Barbarous deed!

Oh! for the power to make these tyrants bleed!  
These, who in regions far removed from this,  
Think, like ourselves, that liberty is bliss;  
Yet in wing'd houses cross the dangerous waves,  
Led by base avarice, to make others slaves:  
These, who extol the freedom they enjoy,  
Yet would to others every good deny:

These, who have torn us from our native shore,  
Which (dreadful thought) we must behold no more :  
These, who insult us through the weary day,  
With taunts our tears, with mocks our griefs, repay.  
Oh ! for the power to bring these monsters low,  
And bid them feel the biting tooth of woe !

ADOMA.

Jumba, my deep resolves are fix'd ! My friend,  
This life, this slavish journey, soon shall end.  
These festering wounds all loudly bid me die,  
And by our sacred gods I will comply :  
Yes, Jumba, by our great Fetish I swear,  
This worse than death I cannot, will not, bear.

JUMBA.

What ! tamely perish ? No, Adoma, no ;  
Thy great revenge demands a nobler blow.  
But darest thou bravely act in such a cause ?  
Friends may be found.—What say'st thou ? Why this  
pause ?

ADOMA.

Jumba, thou mov'st me much.—Thy looks are wild,

Thy gestures frantic, and—

JUMBA.

If to be mild

In such a cause were virtue,—on the ground  
 Jumba would crawl, and court the wish'd-for wound.  
 How oft, my friend, since first we trod these plains,  
 Have trivial faults call'd forth the bitterest pains :  
 How oft our tyrants, as they stood around,  
 With joyous looks have view'd each bleeding wound ;  
 How oft to these, with tortures still uncloy'd,  
 Have they the Eben's prickly branch applied !  
 And shall we still endure the keenest pain,  
 And pay our butchers only with disdain ?  
 Shall we, unmoved, still bear their coward blows ?  
 No :—vengeance soon shall fasten on our foes,  
 Lend but thy succour.

ADOMA.

Comfort to my soul

Thy words convey, and every fear control.  
 Their last base cruel act so steels my heart,  
 That in thy bold resolves I'll bear a part.



JUMBA.

Enough : our glorious aims shall soon succeed,  
And thou in turn shalt see the oppressors bleed :  
Soon shall they fall, cut down like lofty canes,  
And (oh ! the bliss) from us receive their pains.  
Oh ! 'twill be pleasant when we see them mourn,—  
See the fell cup to their own lip return,  
Then bid them think—

ADOMA.

Hark ! from yon plaitain trees,  
Methought a voice came floating on the breeze.  
Hark ! there again—

JUMBA.

'Tis so : our tyrants come ;  
At eve we'll meet again,—meantime be dumb.



## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

*Time*—EVENING.

The twinkling orbs which pierce the gloom of night,  
Now shine with more than European light ;  
Slow from the vapoury mountain comes the breeze,  
And on its dewy wings sits pale disease,  
Rising from distant reefs and rocky shores,  
Where, vex'd with recent gales, old ocean roars ;  
Now up the slopes where spiry canes appear,  
A faint unwearied din assails the ear ;  
The lurking reptiles now begin their rounds,  
And fill the air with shrill discordant sounds ;  
And now, with varied hum, in search of prey,  
Unnumber'd insects wheel their airy way ;  
There glowing fire seems borne upon the wing,  
And here the keen mosquito darts his sting ;  
The weary negroes to their sheds return,  
Prepare their morsels, and their hardships mourn,

Talk o'er their former bliss, their present woes,  
Then sink to earth and seek a short repose :  
'Twas now the sable friends, in pensive mood,  
In a lone path their doleful theme renew'd.

## ADOMA.

Jumba, those words sunk deep into my heart,  
Which thou in friendship didst this morn impart ;  
Still at my toil my mind revolved them o'er,  
But grew, the more I mused, dismay'd the more.  
Oh ! think on Pedro, gibbeted alive ! (g)  
Think on his fate—six long days to survive !  
His frantic looks—his agonizing pain—  
His tongue outstretch'd to catch the dropping rain ;  
His vain attempts to turn his head aside,  
And gnaw the flesh which his own limbs supplied ;  
Think on his sufferings, when the inhuman crew,  
To increase his pangs, placed plaintains in his view,  
And bade him eat.

## JUMBA.

If thus thy promise ends,—  
If thus thy dastard heart would aid thy friends,  
Away, mean wretch, and view thy Yaro bleed,

And bow submissive to the unmanly deed !  
Thou speak'st of Pedro :—He possess'd a soul  
Which nobly burst the shackles of control.  
He fell betray'd, but boldly met his death,  
And cursed his tyrant with his latest breath.  
But go, Adoma, since to live is sweet,  
Go, like a dog, and lick the white men's feet ;  
Tell them that hunger, slavery, toil, and pain,  
Thou wilt endure, nor ever once complain ;  
Tell them, though Jumba dares to plot their fall,  
That thou art tame, and wilt submit to all.  
Go, poor submissive slave,—go, meanly bend,  
Court thy oppressors, and betray thy friend.

## ADOMA.

How ! I betray my friend ! Oh ! Jumba, cease,  
Nor stab Adoma with such words as these.  
Death frights me not ; I wish revenge like thee ;  
But, oh ! I shudder at their cruelty.  
I could, undaunted, from the craggy steep  
Plunge, and be swallow'd in the raging deep ;  
Fearless I could, with manchineal, or knife,  
Or cord, or bullet, end this hated life ;

But, oh ! my friend, like Pedro to expire !  
Or feel the pangs of slow-consuming fire !  
These are most terrible—

## JUMBA.

A lingering pain  
Thou fear'st, and yet canst bear thy servile chain !  
Canst bear incessant toil, and want of food ;  
Canst bear the driver's lash to drink thy blood !  
Say, doom'd to these, what now does life supply  
But lingering pain, which must at length destroy ?  
Yet go, poor timid wretch ! go, fawn and grieve,  
And as those gashes heal still more receive :  
Go and submit, like oxen, to the wain,  
But never say thou fear'st a lingering pain.

## ADOMA.

Thy charge is just ; but, friend, there still remain  
Two ways to free us from this galling chain.  
Sure we can bid our various sorrows cease,  
By quitting life, or how, or when we please ;  
Or we can quickly fly these cruel whites,  
By seeking shelter in the mountains' heights,  
Where wild hogs rove, where lofty cocoas grow,

And boiling streams of purest waters flow.  
There we might live ; for thou, with skilful hand,  
Canst form the bow, and javelin of our land ;  
There we might freely roam, in search of food,  
Up the steep crag or through the friendly wood ;  
There we might find—

JUMBA.

Alas ! thou dost not know  
The king of all those mountains is our foe ;  
His subjects numerous, and their chief employ  
To hunt our race when they from slavery fly.  
Lured by the hope of gain, such arts are tried,  
No rocks can cover, nor no forests hide ;  
Against us even chattering birds combine,  
And aid those hunters in their cursed design :  
For oft through them (*h*) the fugitives are caught,  
And, strongly pinion'd, to their tyrants brought.  
O'er vale, or mountain, thus, where'er we go,  
The suffering negro surely finds a foe.

ADOMA.

Ah ! Jumba, worse, much worse our wretched state,  
Thus vex'd, thus harass'd, than that fish's (*i*) fate,

Which frequent we beheld when wafted o'er  
The great rough water from our native shore :  
He, as the tyrants of the deep pursued,  
Would quit the waves their swiftness to elude,  
And skim in air : when, lo ! some bird of prey  
Bends his strong wing and bears the wretch away !  
No refuge, then, but death—

JUMBA.

What ! tamely die !  
No : vengeance first shall fall on tyranny !  
We'll view these white men gasping in their gore ;  
Then let me perish—Jumba asks no more.

ADOMA.

Oh ! peace,—think where thou art ; thy voice is high ;  
Quick drop the dangerous theme ; my shed is nigh,  
There my poor Yaro will our rice prepare ;  
I pray thee come.

JUMBA.

Away, and take thy fare.  
For me, I cannot eat ; haste to thy shed :  
Farewell ! be cautious ; think on what I've said.

## ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

*Time*—NOON.

Now downward darts the fierce meridian ray,  
And nature pants amidst the blaze of day,  
Though pitying ocean, to her sufferings kind,  
Fans her warm bosom with an eastern wind :  
Now the huge mountains charm the roving eye,  
Their verdant summits towering to the sky ;  
The cultured hill, the vale, the spreading plain,  
The distant sea-worn beach, the ruffled main,  
The anchoring bark o'erspread with awnings white,  
All now appear in robes of dazzling light :  
The feather'd race their gaudy plumes display,  
And sport and flutter 'midst the glowing day ;  
The long-bill'd humming tribes now hover round,  
And shew their tints where blossoms most abound ;  
With eyes intent on earth, well poised in air,  
Voracious vultures seek their fated fare ;



Where curls the wave, the pelican on high,  
With beak enormous and with piercing eye,  
If chance he sees a watery tenant rise,  
Now headlong drops and bears away his prize :  
Now variegated flies their pinions spread,  
And speckled lizards start at every tread :  
Now oxen to the shore, in ponderous wains,  
Drag the rich produce of the juicy canes :  
Now wearied negroes to their sheds repair,  
Or spreading tree, to take their scanty fare ;  
The hour expired, the shell (*k*) is heard to blow,  
And the sad tribe resume their daily woe :  
'Twas now, beneath a tamarind's cool retreat,  
Two sable friends thus mourn'd their wretched fate.

## CONGO.

Oh, Quamina ! how roll'd the suns away,  
When thus upon our native soil we lay ;  
When we reposed beneath the friendly shade  
And quaff'd our palmy wine, and round survey'd  
Our naked offspring sporting free as air,  
Our numerous wives the cheering feast prepare ;  
Saw plenty smile around our cane-built sheds,



Saw yams shoot up, and cocoas lift their heads ;  
But now, ah ! sad reverse ! our groans arise,  
Forlorn and hopeless, far from all we prize ;  
Timid we tremble at our tyrant's frown,  
And one vast load of misery bends us down.

## QUAMINA.

Yes, those were times which we in vain may mourn ;  
Times which, my Congo, never will return ;  
Times, ere the scourge's hated sound was known,  
Or hunger, toil, and stripes, had caused a groan ;  
Times, when with arrows arm'd, and trusty bow,  
We oft repell'd each rude invading foe ;  
Times, when we chaced the fierce-eyed beasts of prey,  
Through tangled woods which scarcely knew the day,  
When oft we saw, in spite of all his care,  
The bulky elephant within our snare.

## CONGO.

Twelve moons have pass'd, for still I've mark'd them  
down,  
Since the fell trading race attack'd our town ;  
Since we were seized by that inhuman band,  
Forced from our wives, our friends, our native land.

Twelve long, long moons they've been, and since that  
day,

Oft have we groan'd beneath a cruel sway ;  
Oft has the taper'd scourge, where knots and wire  
Are both combined to raise the torture higher,  
Brought bloody pieces from each quivering part,  
While tyrant whites have sworn 'twas dexterous art.

QUAMINA.

Sharks seize them all ! their love of torture grows,  
And the whole island echoes with our woes :  
Didst thou know Jumba ? Some close listening ear  
Heard him last eve denounce, in terms severe,  
Deep vengeance on these whites. In vain he fled :  
This morn I saw him number'd with the dead !

CONGO.

A fate so sudden !—and yet why complain ?  
The white man's pleasure is the negro's pain.

QUAMINA.

Didst thou e'er see, when hither first we came,  
An antient slave, Angola was his name ?  
Whose vigorous years upon these hills were spent,  
In galling servitude and discontent ;

He late, too weak to bear the weighty toil  
Which all endure who till this hated soil,  
Was sent, as one grown useless on the estate,  
Far to the town to watch his master's gate,  
Or to the house each morn the fuel bring,  
Or bear cool water from the distant spring ;  
With many a toil, with many a labour more,  
Although his aged head was silver'd o'er ;  
Although his body like a bow was bent,  
And old, and weak, he totter'd as he went.

## CONGO.

I knew him not.

## QUAMINA.

Often, each labour sped,  
Has he with aching limbs attain'd his shed,  
Attain'd the spot, dejected and forlorn,  
Where he might rest his aged head till morn,  
Where, wearied out, he op'd the friendly door,  
And, entering, prostrate sunk upon the floor ;  
Feeble and faint some moons he toil'd away,  
(For trifles toil become as men decay)  
When late beneath the driver's lash he fell,

And, scourged and tortured, bade the world farewell.

CONGO.

But why the scourge ? Wherefore such needless rage ?  
Is there no pity, then, for helpless age ?

QUAMINA.

'Twas part of his employ, with empty pail,  
To crawl for water to a neighbouring vale ;  
And as he homeward bore the liquid load,  
With trembling steps along the rugged road,  
His withered limbs denied their wonted aid,  
The broken vessel his mishap betray'd :  
This his offence—for this thrown on the ground,  
His feeble limbs outstretch'd and strongly bound,  
His body bare, each nerve convulsed with pain,  
I saw, and pitied him,—but, ah ! in vain :  
Quick fell the lash—his hoary head laid low,  
His eyes confess'd unutterable woe ;  
He sued for mercy : then the tears apace  
Stole down the furrows of his aged face ;  
His direful groans (for such they were indeed)  
Mix'd with his words whene'er he strove to plead,

And form'd such moving eloquence, that none  
But flinty-hearted Christians could go on.  
At length released, they bore him to his shed,  
Much he complain'd, and the next morn was dead.

## CONGO.

And was this all ?—was this the atrocious deed  
Which doom'd this helpless sufferer to bleed ?  
May every curse attend this pallid race,  
Of earth the bane, of manhood the disgrace ;  
May their dread Judge, who they pretend to say  
Rules the vast world with undivided sway,  
May he (if such he hath) display his power,  
Poison their days, appal their midnight hour,  
Bid them to fear his wrathful stern control,  
Pour his whole cup of trembling on their soul,  
'Till they, repentant, these foul deeds forego, (*I*)  
And feel their hearts distress'd for others woe !

The first of these is the fact that the  
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## NOTES.

(a) His mother and sister have heard him say, that he found he studied best towards the full of the moon, and that he would often sit up all night and write by moonlight.

(b) Mrs. Angel, the person with whom Chatterton lodged at the time he put an end to his existence, knowing that he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, asked him, on the fatal twenty-fourth of August, to take some dinner with her, but Chatterton was offended at her invitation, (which seemed to insinuate that he was in want) and told her he was not hungry.

(c) The late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Bristol on purpose to inquire into the particulars of Rowley's Poems, and to patronize Chatterton, should he prove the author, or deserve encouragement; but, alas! he was too late! all he could learn of this astonishing boy was, that within a few days he had poisoned himself in London!

(d) Chatterton, in his ballad of *Charitie*, calls the grave the Church Glebe House.—He was interred in the burial ground of Shoe-lane Workhouse.

(e) Myriads of these reptiles nightly prowl through the woods in search of prey; and at the approach of morn retire to their



lurking places. Their out-cry is remarkably shrill ; but, when softened by distance, to some ears is not disagreeable.

(*f*) The wind blows gently from the land, in Jamaica, towards the sea in every direction, throughout the evening and night, and continues to blow in the same manner until about the hour of nine in the morning. After that time the heat would soon become intolerable, were it not tempered by a brisk refreshing gale from the sea, which almost instantly succeeds the land breeze. It is first seen to approach the shore in a fine, small, black curl, agitating the water ; whilst that part of the sea, at which it hath not yet arrived, is calm and smooth. In the space of half an hour after it has reached the shore, it blows with some briskness, increases in strength until noon, and dies away by degrees about five in the afternoon ; and it returns not until the following morning. This sea-breeze checks the fierce rays of the sun, cheers the panting inhabitants, and renders this, and the neighbouring islands, a supportable residence for Europeans.

(*g*) A punishment not uncommon in the West Indies. Some of the miserable sufferers have been known to exist a week in this most dreadful situation. (See a most affecting account of one instance of this kind in the Rev. Mr. Ramsay's Treatise.)

(*h*) Certain birds, commonly called in Jamaica blackbirds, frequent the inmost recesses of the woods, and at the sight of a human being they begin a loud and continued clamour, which is heard at a considerable distance. Their noise serves as a guide to the mountain-hunters, who immediately penetrate into that part of the wood, and seize the fugitives.



(i) The flying-fish has two long fins, which in some degree perform the office of wings. It is about the size of a herring, and of the same shape. When this fish is pursued, in his native element, by the dolphin, he springs out of the water, and skims above the surface to a considerable distance. Yet even here he is not safe. The albitrosses, sea-gulls, and other aquatic birds, are frequently seen to fall upon and seize him in his flight. Should he even escape these (which indeed he frequently does), as soon as his wings, or rather fins, become dry, he drops, and is instantly swallowed by his watery foe ; who, during this ærial excursion, eyes him askance, keeping exactly under him ; and, while thus pursuing, changes colour in so extraordinary a manner, as to form one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The bonetta, or bonita, is another enemy to this fish. It is a species of the tunny, or tracluras ; somewhat like a cod-fish, but much larger, and more beautiful.

(k) A large conch shell is used in some plantations to summon the slaves to their labour. On others the call is made by a bell.

(l) Some few plantations on this island might be enumerated, where, by kind and judicious treatment, the Africans have so far multiplied, as to render the purchase of new negroes (as they are termed) altogether unnecessary. Might not this become general ? The same causes, if suffered to operate fully as they ought, would universally produce the same effects. Setting aside every motive of humanity, sound policy naturally dictates such proceedings as these : and a few, and those not expensive, encouragements held forth to this dejected race, would produce the desired effect ; such

as the allowance of more ease, and better food, to the negroes ; and a grant of particular privileges, nay even of freedom, to those mothers who have brought up a certain number of children. And the expense of such humane provisions, as well as the temporary abatement (if any should happen) in the exertions of any given number of slaves, would soon be amply repaid, even to the largest plantation, by the savings of the money usually expended in the annual purchase of fresh slaves, and by the great, and acknowledged, superiority of home-born negroes to those imported from Africa.

# EXPOSTULATORY LETTER

TO

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

OF MOUNT VERNON, IN VIRGINIA,

ON HIS CONTINUING TO BE

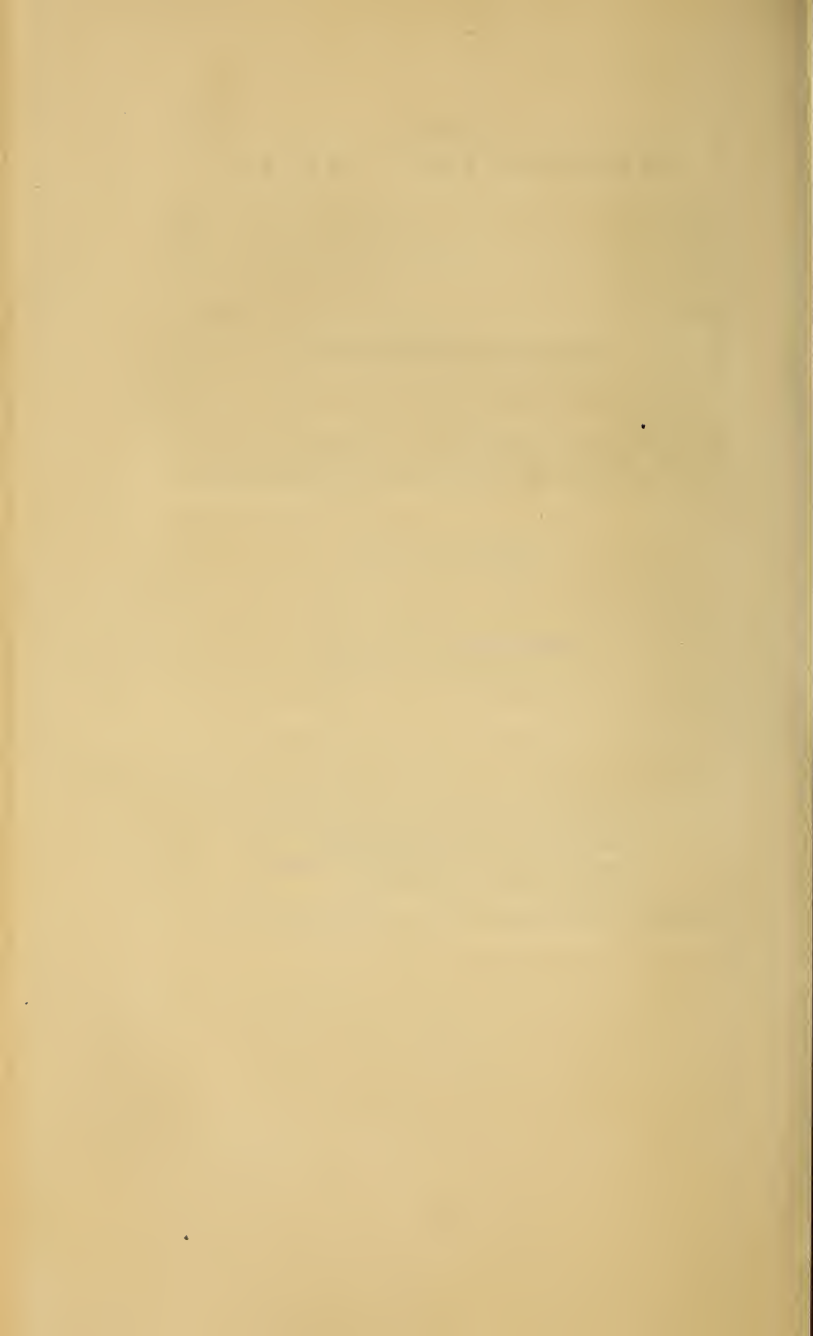
A PROPRIETOR OF SLAVES.

---

Oh ! reflect that your rights are the rights of mankind,  
That to all they were bounteously given ;  
And that he who in chains would his fellow-man bind,  
Uplifts his proud arm against heaven.

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1797.



IN July last the following letter was transmitted to the person to whom it is addressed, and a few weeks ago it was returned under cover, without a syllable in reply. As children who are crammed with confectionary have no relish for plain and wholesome food, so men in power, who are seldom addressed but in the sweet tones of adulation, are apt to be disgusted with the plain and salutary language of truth. To offend was not the intention of the writer ; yet the President has evidently been irritated ; this, however, is not a bad symptom, for irritation, causelessly excited, will frequently subside into shame ; and to use the language of the moralist, "Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue."

*Liverpool, February 20, 1797.*



## EXPOSTULATORY LETTER, &amp;c.

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IT will generally be admitted, sir, and perhaps with justice, that the great family of mankind were never more benefited by the military abilities of any individual, than by those which you displayed during the memorable American contest. Your country was injured ; your services were called for ; you immediately arose, and after performing the most conspicuous part in that blood-stained tragedy, you again became a private citizen, and unambitiously retired to your farm. There was more of true greatness in this procedure than the modern world at least had ever beheld ; and while public virtue is venerated by your countrymen, a conduct so exalted will not be forgotten. The effects which your revolution will have upon the world are incalculable. By the flame which you have kindled, every oppressed nation will be enabled to perceive its fetters ; and when man once knows that he is enslaved, the business of emancipation is half performed. France has already burst her shackles ; neighbouring nations will in time prepare, and another half century may behold

the present besotted Europe without a peer, without a hierarchy, and without a despot. If men were enlightened, revolutions would be bloodless ; but how are men to be enlightened, when it is the interest of governors to keep the governed in ignorance ? “To enlighten men,” says your old correspondent, Arthur Young, “is to make them bad subjects.” Hurricanes spread devastation ; yet hurricanes are not only transient, but give salubrity to the torrid regions, and are quickly followed by azure skies and calm sun-shine. Revolutions, too, for a time, may produce turbulence ; yet revolutions clear the political atmosphere, and contribute greatly to the comfort and happiness of the human race. What you yourself have lived to witness in the United States is sufficient to elucidate my position. In your rides along the banks of your favourite Potomac, in your frequent excursions through your own extensive grounds, how gratifying must be your sensations on beholding the animated scenery around you ; and how pleasurable must be your feelings on reflecting that your country is now an asylum for mankind ; that her commerce, her agriculture, and her population, are greater than at any former period ; and that this prosperity is the natural result of those rights which you defended against an abandoned cabinet,



with all that ability which men who unsheath the sword in the cause of human nature will, I trust, ever display! Where liberty is, there man walks erect and puts forth all his powers ; while slavery, like a torpedo, benumbs the finest energies of the soul.

But it is not to the Commander-in-chief of the American forces, nor to the President of the United States, that I have aught to address ; my business is with George Washington, of Mount Vernon, in Virginia, a man who, notwithstanding his hatred of oppression, and his ardent love of liberty, holds at this moment hundreds of his fellow-beings in a state of abject bondage.—Yes ! you, who conquered under the banners of freedom ;—you, who are now the first magistrate of a free people, are (strange to relate) a slave-holder. That a Liverpool merchant should endeavour to enrich himself by such a business is not a matter of surprise ; but that you, an enlightened character, strongly enamoured of your own freedom—you, who, if the British forces had succeeded in the eastern states, would have retired with a few congenial spirits to the rude fastnesses of the western wilderness, there to have enjoyed that blessing, without which a paradise would be disgusting, and with which the most savage region is not

without its charms ; that you, I say, should continue to be a slave-holder, a proprietor of human flesh and blood, creates in many of your British friends both astonishment and regret. You are a republican, an advocate for the dissemination of knowledge, and for universal justice,—where then are the arguments by which this shameless dereliction of principle can be supported ? Your friend Jefferson\* has endeavoured

\* Besides those of colour, figure, and hair, there are other physical distinctions proving a difference of race. They have less hair on the face and body. They secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odour. This great degree of transpiration renders them more tolerant of heat, and less so of cold, than the whites. Perhaps too a difference of structure in the pulmonary apparatus, which a late ingenious experimentalist\* has discovered to be the principal regulator of animal heat, may have disabled them from extricating, in the act of inspiration, so much of that fluid from the outer air, or obliged them, in expiration, to part with more of it. They seem to require less sleep. A black, after hard labour through the day, will be induced by the slightest amusements to sit up till midnight, or later, though knowing he must be out by the first dawn of the morning. They are at least as brave, and more adventuresome. But this perhaps may proceed from a want of forethought, which prevents their seeing a danger till it be present. When present, they do not go through it with more coolness and steadiness than the whites. They are more ardent after their females ; but love seems with them to be more an eager desire than a tender delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation. Their griefs are transient. Those numberless

\* Crawford.

to shew that the negroes are an inferior order of beings ; but surely you will not have recourse to such a subterfuge. Your slaves, it may be urged, are well treated. That I deny—man never can be well treated who is deprived of his rights. They are well clothed, well fed, well lodged, &c. Feed me with ambrosia, and wash it down with nectar, yet, what are these if liberty be wanting ? You took arms in defence of the rights of man.—Your negroes are men.—Where, then, are the rights of your negroes ? They have been inured to slavery, and are not fit for freedom. Thus it was said of the French ; but where is the man of unbiased common sense who will assert that the French republicans of the present day are not fit for freedom ? It has been said, too, by your apologists, that your feel-

afflictions, which render it doubtful whether heaven has given life to us in mercy or in wrath, are less felt and sooner forgotten with them. In general, their existence appears to participate more of sensation than reflection. To this must be ascribed their disposition to sleep when abstracted from their diversions, and unemployed in labour. An animal whose body is at rest, and who does not reflect, must be disposed to sleep of course. Comparing them by their faculties of memory, reason, and imagination, it appears to me, that in memory they are equal to the whites ; in reason much inferior, as I think one can scarcely be found capable of tracing and comprehending the investigations of Euclid ; and that in imagination they are dull, tasteless, and anomalous.—*See Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. page 230.*

ings are inimical to slavery, and that you are induced to acquiesce in it at present merely from motives of policy. The only true policy is justice; and he who regards the consequences of an act, rather than the justice of it, gives no very exalted proof of the greatness of his character. But if your feelings be actually repugnant to slavery, then are you more culpable than the callous-hearted planter, who laughs at what he calls the pitiful whining of the abolitionists, because he believes slavery to be justifiable; while you persevere in a system which your conscience tells you to be wrong. If we call the man obdurate who cannot perceive the atrociousness of slavery, what epithets does he deserve, who, while he does perceive its atrociousness, continues to be a proprietor of slaves? Nor is it likely that your own unfortunate negroes are the only sufferers by your adhering to this nefarious business. Consider the force of an example like your's;—consider how many of the sable race may now be pining in bondage, merely, forsooth, because the President of the United States, who has the character of a wise and good man, does not see cause to discontinue the long-established practice! Of all the slave-holders under heaven, those of the United States appear to me the most reprehensible; for man never is so truly

odious as when he inflicts upon others that which he himself abominates. When the cup of slavery was presented to your countrymen, they rejected it with disdain, and appealed to the world in justification of their conduct ; yet such is the inconsistency of man, that thousands upon thousands of those very people, with yourself amongst the number, are now sedulously employed in holding the self-same bitter draught to the lips of their sable brethren. From men who are strongly attached to their own rights, and who have suffered much in their defence, one might have expected a scrupulous attention to the rights of others ; did not experience shew, that when we ourselves are oppressed, we perceive it with a lynx's eye ; but when we become the oppressors, no noon-tide bats are blinder. Prosperity perhaps may make nations as well as individuals forget the distresses of other times ; yet surely the citizens of America cannot so soon have forgotten the variety and extent of their own sufferings ! When your country lay bruised by the iron hand of despotism, and you were compelled to retreat through the Jerseys with a handful of half-naked followers ; when the bayonet of the mercenary glistened at your back, and liberty seemed about to expire ; when your farms were laid waste, your towns reduced to ashes, and your



plains and woods were strewed with the mangled bodies of your brave defenders ; when these events were taking place, every breast could feel, and every tongue could execrate the sanguinary proceedings of Britain ; yet, what the British were at that period you are in a great degree at this. You are boastful of your own rights—you are violators of the rights of others ; and you are stimulated, by an insatiable rapacity, to a cruel and relentless oppression. If the wrongs which you now inflict be not so severe as those which were inflicted upon you, it is not because you are less inhuman than the British, but because the unhappy objects of your tyranny have not the power of resistance. In defending your own liberties you undoubtedly suffered much ; yet if your negroes, emulating the spirited example of their masters, were to throw off the galling yoke, and, retiring peaceably to some uninhabited part of the western region, were to resolve on liberty or death, what would be the conduct of the southern planters on such an occasion ? Nay, what would be your conduct ?—You, who were “ born in a land of liberty,” who “ early learned its value ;” you, who, “ engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it ;” you, who, “ in a word, devoted the best years of your life to secure its permanent establishment in your own coun-

“ try, and whose anxious recollection, whose sym-  
 “ thetic feelings, and whose best wishes are irresistibly  
 “ excited, whensoever in any country you see an op-  
 “ pressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom ;” \*  
 possessed of these energetic sentiments, what would  
 be your conduct ? Would you have the virtue to ap-  
 plaud so just and animating a movement as a revolt of  
 your southern negroes ? No ! I fear both you and  
 your countrymen would rather imitate the cold-blooded  
 British cabinet, and, to gratify your own sordid views,  
 would scatter, among an unoffending people, terror, de-  
 solation, and death. Harsh as this conclusion may  
 appear, yet it is warranted by your present practice ;  
 for the man who can boast of his own rights, yet hold  
 two or three hundred of his fellow-beings in slavery,  
 would not hesitate, in case of a revolt, to employ the  
 most sanguinary means in his power, rather than forego  
 that which the *truly* republican laws of his country are  
*pleased* to call his property. Shame ! Shame ! that  
 man should be deemed the property of man ; or that  
 the name of Washington should be found among the list  
 of such proprietors.

\* See the answer of the President of the United States to the  
 address of the Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic,  
 on his presenting the colours of France to the United States.

Should these strictures be deemed severe, or unmerited on your part, how comes it, that while in the northern and middle states, the exertions of the virtuous quakers, and other philanthropists, have produced such regulations as must speedily eradicate every trace of slavery in that quarter,—how comes it, that from you these humane efforts have never received the least countenance? If your mind have not sufficient firmness to do away that which is wrong the moment you perceive it to be such, one might have expected that a plan for ameliorating the evil would have met with your warmest support : but no such thing. The just example of a majority of the states has had no visible effect upon you ; and as to the men of Maryland, of Virginia, of the two Carolinas, of Georgia, and of Kentucky, they smile contemptuously at the idea of negro emancipation ; and, with the state constitution in one hand, and the cow-skin in the other, exhibit to the world such a spectacle as every real friend to liberty must from his soul abominate.

“ Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,

“ And having human feelings, does not blush

“ And hang his head to think himself a man ? ”

The hypocritical bawd who preaches chastity, yet lives by the violation of it, is not more truly disgusting



than one of your slave-holding gentry bellowing in favor of democracy. Man does not readily perceive defects in what he has been accustomed to venerate ; hence it is that you have escaped those animadversions which your slave proprietorship has so long merited. For seven years you bravely fought the battles of your country, and contributed greatly to the establishment of her liberties ; yet you are a slave-holder ! You have been raised by your fellow-citizens to one of the most exalted situations upon earth, the first magistrate of a free people ; yet you are a slave-holder ! A majority of your countrymen have recently discovered that slavery is injustice, and are gradually abolishing the wrong ; yet you continue to be a slave-holder ! You are a firm believer, too, and your letters and speeches are replete with pious reflections on the Divine Being, Providence, &c. ; yet you are a slave-holder ! Oh, Washington ! “ages to come will read with astonishment,” that the man who was foremost to wrench the rights of America from the tyrannical grasp of Britain, was among the last to relinquish his own oppressive hold of poor and unoffending negroes.

In the name of justice, what can induce you thus to tarnish your own well-earned celebrity, and to impair

the fair features of American liberty with so foul and indelible a blot ? Avarice is said to be the vice of age. Your slaves, old and young, male and female, father, mother, and child, might, in the estimation of a Virginian planter, be worth from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds. Now, sir, are you sure that the unwillingness which you have shewn to liberate your negroes does not proceed from some lurking pecuniary considerations ? If this be the case, and there are those who firmly believe it is, then there is no flesh left in your heart ; and present reputation, future fame, and all that is estimable among the virtuous, are, for a few thousand pieces of paltry yellow dirt, irremediably renounced.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

AN ATTEMPT

TO PROVE THAT

CLIMATE, FOOD, AND MANNERS,

ARE NOT THE

*Causes of the Dissimilarity of Colour*

IN THE HUMAN SPECIES.



## AN ATTEMPT, &c.

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“ When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue ;  
“ and lo ! what he says is extolled to the clouds : but if a poor man  
“ speak, they say, What fellow is this ? ”

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WHEN an important subject has been discussed by men eminent for abilities in the most polished nations of Europe, and the result has in general been uniform, it must have the appearance of great presumption in any one (particularly in an individual so humbly situated as myself) to endeavour to prove by arguments drawn from nature, that the hypothesis which they have founded is not quite so invulnerable as the learned fabricators may have fondly imagined. Yet, notwithstanding this, like the poor Greenlander, I here launch my little skiff to encounter a huge leviathan ; and should I be so fortunate as to give him but a single wound, it may encourage some one, more expert and weighty than myself, to advance and transfix him in such a manner that he may be dragged from his profound depths, and deprived of that enormous strength which had been so long accumulating.

To account for that variety of colour which is found among the human species has employed the penetration of many celebrated writers. Climate with them is the primary, though not the only, cause of this remarkable difference ;—food and manners have their influence. It is a part of their hypothesis, that the sable natives of Africa, were they brought into the temperate climates of France, or of England, would, in a series of generations, become white ; and that their hair, instead of its present woolly appearance, would in time become like that of the Europeans. Again, that the fairest natives of our temperate zone, were they removed to the parching climates of Benin or Calabar, would, by conforming to the manners and food of the natives, in like manner become black, and possess every peculiarity which now marks the negro inhabitants of that torrid situation.

But to elucidate this, continue they, and to shew the influence of climate in the strongest point of view, let us for a moment turn our attention to the various nations who occupy the intermediate space between the scorching climates of Negroland and ourselves, we shall then find the cause and the effect in uniform proportion.

At, and contiguous to, the equator, where the glowing sun exerts its utmost force, we find the human species entirely black. To the northward of this burning region, on the southern shores of Barbary, we meet with another race, not so black as those we have left, nor so fair as the Africans who border on the Mediterranean. To the northward of this tract, the Spaniards and Portuguese present themselves, not indeed so brown as the Moors, but many shades deeper than the inhabitants of France, or more northern situations. Thus (cry the advocates of climate) we have a regular gradation of shade from the jetty colour of the African to the roseate whiteness of the Briton : and as the hottest climates are found to produce the blackest, and the most temperate the whitest, of mankind, we have every reason to conclude that the sun's influence is the principal cause of that amazing dissimilarity which is found among the various tenants of the universe.

Such are the reasonings of Buffon and Clarkson on this curious and important subject ; men, whose abilities I revere, and whose benevolent warmth in behalf of the poor oppressed Africans does infinite credit to humanity. I have read their generous productions,

and also those of the humane Ramsey ; and as I have resided a considerable time in Jamaica, and am not unacquainted with the Antilles in general, it is with some degree of confidence I can affirm, that the accounts which those gentlemen have given the world are not in the least overcharged : nay, that in many cases, the sufferings of the wretched negroes have either been concealed from an ill-timed respect to a particular description of men, or have never come to the knowledge of those able and manly contenders for the rights of human nature.

But to return to our subject.—Though it may appear arrogant in me to aim at refuting such eminent authorities ; yet, with the utmost deference, I venture to maintain an opposite opinion. It is not my intention to assign any other cause for the various colours of the human race ; the great Author of Nature can produce effects of every kind : I shall only attempt to prove, that climate, food, and manners, however combined, are not sufficient of themselves to produce this extraordinary phenomenon.

And first,—as to that regular gradation of shade,



which is supposed to prevail from the equatorial regions of Africa to the northern extremities of the temperate zone, however plausible it may appear, I trust the following observations will, in some degree, evince the fallacy of such a mode of reasoning.

On the southern banks of the Senegal, which is nearly one thousand miles from the equator, we find men as black as any in the universe ; consequently climate throughout this vast extent produces not the difference of a single shade. But mark the consistency of the hypothesis.—What climate could not effect in the space of one thousand miles is immediately brought about by the Senegal, the greatest breadth of which scarcely exceeds a thousand yards ; for on the northern banks of this river, we immediately meet with another family of mankind, as many shades fairer than the Negroes on the opposite side as they themselves are darker than the Europeans on the banks of the Seine or the Thames.

Can this be termed a regular gradation ? No : it is an abrupt transition from the sable colour of the Negro to the brown complexion of the Moor ; and, in my

opinion, it is utterly impossible that climate, in the space of a few hundred yards, should have the power of producing this remarkable dissimilarity.

But it is urged, that the Negroes on the southern banks are stationary, while the Moors on the northern, who possess flocks and herds, are a wandering race, pitching their tents wherever they find the richest pastures, and quitting them in quest of others when they will no longer afford subsistence for their cattle. Allowing this to be the case,—what then ?—The Moors, in their peregrinations, being more exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, and to the parching effects of the east wind blowing over a vast continent, ought not, according to their mode of reasoning, to be a fairer people than the stationary negroes, who are remarkably indolent, and spend the hottest part of the day either reclining beneath their cane-built sheds or lolling under the umbrageous shelter of their spreading trees. But it may be urged that these Moors, being wanderers, may sometimes penetrate to the northward, and of course into more temperate climates. And why not to the eastward, along the fertile banks of the Senegal ?—the periodical inundations of which, like those

of the Nile, (both rivers having their rise in the same range of mountains) render it one of the most fruitful regions of the world, and consequently the best adapted to their patriarchal mode of life.

But, to finish this matter, the children of those Moors who skirt the Senegal, if not stained by a mixture with their sable neighbours, are as fair as the children of those who inhabit the countries of Barbary bordering on the Mediterranean. This sufficiently proves them to be of one family, and shews, that throughout this extensive territory, which occupies nearly twenty degrees of latitude, there is no other difference of colour than what is caused by the action of the sun on those parts of the body more exposed to its influence ; which it would be as impossible to transmit to their offspring as the Indians of Tongataboo, who have a custom of lopping off the first joint of their little finger, to have children who at their birth shall be found deficient in that particular part.

Leaving the natives of Barbary, we next come to the Spaniards and Portuguese : and here, it may be asked, if climate be not the cause of colour, why are

the inhabitants of this peninsula so many shades deeper than those who possess a more northerly situation? To this I answer, that the natives of these kingdoms are not so brown as they are generally represented; nay, that the difference between them and the whitest people in Europe is so trifling, that amongst the higher and middle ranks it is scarcely perceptible; and even were it greater it might justly be ascribed to a mixture of moorish blood in their veins rather than to climate: for as those Moors overran and possessed this country for many centuries, they of course mingled with the conquered, and by this means contaminated that whiteness which distinguishes the European from the rest of the world.

But these are only the minutiae of the subject: let us now take a more extensive view of mankind;—let us trace them through the remotest regions;—and, in particular, let us avoid those misrepresentations which may be found even in eminent writers, when strenuously supporting a favourite opinion.

And here it may be remarked, that though I object to the learned hypothesis, yet I cannot suppose that

mankind are either exalted by their whiteness, or degraded by their receding from this supposed favourite colour of nature. He who streaked the tiger, who spotted the leopard, and who gave the lion his tawny hue, could most certainly mark the externals of the rational animal with whatever tints he pleased. But to imagine that the wise Framer of the Universe is partial to this or that particular colour ; or that he created a race of beings with sable complexions and woolly hair to be servile drudges to the rest, is, in my opinion, to degrade Omnipotence. Away then with this fancied superiority which the Europeans have vainly arrogated to themselves. Nature knows it not. However different in appearance, we are all the production of the same wonderful hand ; and I shall now endeavour to prove that neither situation, food, nor manners, have the power to produce this striking—this incomprehensible variety in the colour of the human species.

While the eastern side of the Atlantic, from the Cape of Good Hope in the south to the islands of Orkney in the north, presents us with three distinct families of mankind, the black, the brown, and the white ; on

the opposite side of the same ocean, from the southern extremity of America to the banks of the river St. Lawrence, through all the various climates of the former, we find the human form of one invariable hue. Where then is that regular gradation of shade so strongly contended for ?

If man varies his colour according to his remoteness from, or proximity to, the equator, then the inhabitants of Kamschatka, of Nootka Sound, of Labrador, and of England, situated at an equal distance from the supposed cause, ought, in this particular, to resemble each other : the Canadian should be as white as the European, and the natives of Brazil as black and as woolly headed as those of Mozambique or Angola.

In America are all the various climates of the habitable globe ; yet America, when first discovered, had neither white nor black inhabitants. What reason can be assigned for this ? If the influence of the sun produce that variety in the old world, ought it not also to produce similar effects in the new ? Yet throughout this vast extent we do not find a single variation in the colour of the human frame. The children of Ca-

nada ; of the nations to the east and west of the Mississippi ; of Mexico, Peru, Chili ; the Magellanic coast ; nay, of Terra del Fuego, of Paraguay, Brazil, amongst the remnants of the Caribbs ; and, in short, from the north to the south of this vast continent, for the space of six thousand miles, the children of the Aborigines are one uniform reddish brown, or copper colour ; nor is there any variety among the adults but what is caused by the different paint and unctuous substances with which they discolour their bodies, partly by way of ornament, and partly to defend themselves from the inclemency of the weather.

A celebrated naturalist\* has indeed asserted that the inhabitants of Quito, from their vicinity to the snowy Andes, are nearly white ; but if boisterous regions, if frost or snow, can produce an effect of this kind, then the inhabitants of Canada, and the dreary Terra del Fuego, whose winters are remarkably long and severe, ought to be fairer than even those of Quito ; yet the former are known to be as brown as any Indians on the continent.

\* Buffon.



This writer, however elegant and spirited, is not exempt from error ; in his treatise on the varieties of mankind he observes, that the natives of Japan are browner than those of China, because they are situated farther to the south, and consequently exposed to the rays of a warmer sun.

Now the Japanese, though browner than the Chinese, are not situated farther to the south, but rather to the north-east of the latter ; therefore in a more temperate climate, and ought not, according to his mode of reasoning, to be a browner race, but the reverse.

Instances like these should teach us to make use of that portion of intellect which the great Fountain of Wisdom has thought fit to pour upon us, and not servilely to conform to the opinions of any individuals, however eminent for wealth, titles, or understanding. It is not the uniform complexions of the Americans alone which bid defiance to the sun's influence : the discoveries of the present reign furnish additional proofs equally strong and convincing.



That vast ocean which lies between the Indian Archipelago and the western shores of South America is studded over with innumerable islands, for the most part inhabited. Some of them lift their rugged heads in the heart of the southern hemisphere ; while others display their gay luxuriance on the verge of the northern tropic. The language, the manners, and the customs of most of these Indians, particularly of the New Zealanders, and the natives of the Friendly Society and Sandwich islands are so remarkably similar, that every intelligent observer pronounces them only the wide extended branches of one huge family tree, the root of which is probably among the Malays in the East Indies. But whether they spread themselves from this quarter over the Pacific islands, in an opposite direction to the trade winds, which constantly prevail between the tropics ; whether they come before the winds and waves from the western shores of South America ; or whether these numerous islands are only the fragments of a once extensive and well peopled southern continent, which by some extraordinary convulsion of nature in the early ages, might have been overwhelmed, and nothing left above the surface of the ocean but its most elevated parts, which may now

afford sustenance to the posterity of those who were so fortunate as to escape the dreadful wreck. Whether any one of these conjectures has probability for its foundation is no part of the present inquiry: to a Pennant, a Barrington, or a Forster, I leave the discussion of this curious question, and shall content myself with asserting that the inhabitants of the above-mentioned islands are only the spreading branches of one parent stock; and I think the truth of this observation will be admitted by all who have perused with attention the accounts of our late circumnavigators.

Here then we have another family of the human species, inhabiting the numerous islands that are scattered over this vast ocean; and whether they pant in the torrid zone, or shiver in the southern temperate; whether they traverse the fruitful plains and gently sloping hills of Otaheite, or wander among the rugged precipices and snow-clad mountains of New Zealand, the complexion of their children (which in a disquisition of this kind is the best criterion) is nearly, if not invariably, the same. Hence it appears, that among the Pacific Islanders, as among the Americans, climate, or the influence of the sun, has no effect; since in this

extent of seventy degrees of latitude we find none of those varieties of shade which are supposed to prevail in the old world. According to the temperature of particular situations, New Zealand and France, though in opposite hemispheres, are equally remote from the equator ; yet the New Zealander is copper-coloured, and the Frenchman white. The island of Otaheite is as near to the equator as the Senegal ; yet the Negroes on the southern banks of that river are entirely black, while the natives of Otaheite, instead of the dark complexion one would expect from their situation, are, according to Captain King, a fairer race than even the New Zealanders, though the latter are situated in the heart of the temperate zone. What can the advocates of climate say to this undoubted fact? That the inhabitants of a temperate situation should be found browner than those of a torrid one, who are twice a year exposed to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, is, in my opinion, a flat contradiction to their hypothesis, and strongly proves the fallacy of those arguments to which the writers on this side the question have frequently had recourse.

In vain will sophistry exert her utmost powers

to controvert the foregoing assertions. Facts are stubborn things, and will not easily yield to fanciful speculations, however bold, elegant, or ingenious. As this is not a regular dissertation, but rather a sketch of something that might be done on this subject, I shall not enter minutely into every particular. Much has been said of the white Indians on the isthmus of Darien, of a similar race of Negroes in the interior parts of Africa, and of that difference of complexion which is sometimes found among the inhabitants of the same island ; as Ceylon, Madagascar, &c. Now, allowing these accounts to be authentic, and that this dissimilarity proceeds not from cutaneous disorders, it most assuredly makes against the advocates of climate, though the celebrated Buffon has dwelt largely upon it for a contrary purpose : for if climate, food, and manners can produce the various colours of mankind, it is evident that all human beings, who are exposed to the same degree of heat, and whose food and manners are the same, ought to possess a uniform similarity of complexion ; and if so, whence the white Negroes, white Indians, &c. ?

We have already seen how climate operates upon the

copper-coloured Americans, and some of the South Sea Islanders : let us now turn our attention to New Holland and New South Wales, and we may thence probably draw other arguments in corroboration of what has been already asserted.

That vast mass of land which is situated in the southern hemisphere, and occupies above two thousand miles of latitude, is inhabited by a race of people as black and as woolly-headed as those of Guinea. Naked and rude as imagination can conceive, they wander the free tenants of a country, the extremities of which are as remote from each other as the river Thames from the Senegal; yet the natives of Adventure Bay in the south, and of Endeavour River in the north, are in complexion and texture of the hair exactly the same.

From the Senegal to the Thames, or from the Senegal to the southern shores of Europe, which is scarcely twelve hundred miles, we find three of the most marking varieties in the colour of mankind; the blackness of the Negro, the brownness of the Moor, and the whiteness of the European. Now, if the sun's influence on the eastern side of the North Atlantic is so active

and powerful as to produce these striking distinctions in the space of twelve hundred miles, how comes it that in the southern hemisphere, through an extent of latitude nearly twice as great as the above, the same sun does not produce a single deviation of colour among the savages of this wild and enormous fragment of the earth? Nature, that universal parent who rolls round the various seasons, and who alternately elevates and depresses the vast body of waters, cannot produce, from the same cause, effects so remarkably dissimilar.

The European complexion is no where to be found among the Aborigines of the southern hemisphere; yet the southern hemisphere has all the various climates of the northern one: hence we are led to this natural conclusion, that climate is not the cause of human colour. In the latitude of forty-three degrees north, the Frenchman is white; in the latitude of forty-three degrees south, the native of Van Dieman's Land is black; both are equally remote from the equator, and yet scarcely any thing can be more different than their external appearance.

Should any one assert that fire can act upon the par-



ticles of water, in such a manner as to form them into a body of ice, our judgments would recoil, because we know that natural causes can produce only natural effects ; yet it would be just as easy for fire to perform this, as for the sun, in situations equally remote from the equator, to produce, by the power of his rays, two complexions so diametrically opposite as black and white.

From this remote situation, then, this sea-girt continent, we are furnished with other arguments ; we find that the inhabitants of this extensive region vary not their colour according to their remoteness from, or proximity to, the equator ; and we find also that torrid heat is not the cause of blackness, for at Adventure Bay, in the heart of the temperate zone, mankind are of a uniformly sable complexion.

Buffon has asserted that black men are only to be found within the tropics, and that the Africans who border on the Cape of Good Hope are not black, but tawny, as they are more remote from the equator. Unsupported assertions, however bold, must quickly vanish before truth, like mists of the morning before the sun. Captain Cook, in his last voyage, found the

inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, in the latitude of forty-three degrees south, as black as any of the human species; this fact is incontrovertible, and, in my opinion, sufficient of itself to overturn all that has been advanced by the advocates of climate. Arguments drawn from such authorities are arguments drawn from nature, and will maintain their ground against all the assaults of wily sophistry or elegant declamation.

After taking this cursory view of the most striking varieties of colour, it may be necessary to remark another peculiarity in their externals, which seems to divide the human species into separate families, and shews that all are but distinct parts of one amazing whole; I mean the texture of the hair, in which particular the inhabitants of the earth differ as much from each other as in the colour of their bodies.

It has been said that the woolly appearance of the Negroes' hair is entirely owing to their being situated in a torrid climate; but this is fallacious. The Moors, according to Mons. Adanson, differ not more from the Negroes in complexion than in the covering of their heads, which is long and bushy; yet both are exposed



to the same degree of heat, being separated only by the narrow river Senegal.

We have just seen that torrid heat is not the cause of blackness, and the same fact will shew us that this crispness of the hair is not confined to the Negroes ; for the natives of Adventure Bay possess these peculiarities in as great a degree as the African who pants beneath the scorching rays of an equatorial sun. Nor is it the sable race alone who are thus particularly distinguished. The Americans, and most of the South Sea Islanders, are as strongly marked from the rest of mankind by their coarse, lank, and, in general, black hair, as by their uniform reddish brown or copper-coloured complexions ; both of which are transmitted from sire to son : nor is it in the power of climate to make the least alteration in either. This may be elucidated by the native American ; for whether he erect his wigwam on the borders of the lake Ontario, or cultivate his little plantation among the mountains of St. Vincent ; whether he wander on the banks of the river Amazon, or launch his canoe on the Magellanic Straits, it is immaterial ; both are equally permanent ; both seem to be strongly imprinted

upon him by the hand of nature ; and, in my opinion, both would remain invariably the same to the latest period of time, were it not for the admixture with the other families of mankind.

Here, then, to avoid the imputation of prolixity, I shall close my observations on this supposed primary cause of complexion with a few remarks on its collateral assistants, food and manners.

That the various colours of mankind should be ascribed to the heat of the sun is not surprising, since the effects of his vertical rays upon the European externals are evident to every one ; but that food should be deemed an auxiliary in the grand work is to me somewhat extraordinary : however the following plain facts will enable us to determine more precisely what degree of credit ought to be given to this opinion.

The food of the interior African is principally vegetable ; the yam, the plantain, the banana, rice, pepper, palm oil, &c., compose his choicest viands ; while the native of Adventure Bay, similar in complexion and texture of the hair, possesses none of these : shell-fish

from the surrounding rocks, with sometimes a kangaroo, or a wild fowl, when he has skill to obtain them, form the whole of his humble fare.

The Sandwich Islander and the native of New Zealand are in externals exactly similar ; yet the former has his bread fruit, his plantains, his yeddoes, his hogs, &c.; while the latter, unacquainted with these, and possessed of few vegetables, is supplied from his rocky shores and coves with plenty of fish ; to these he adds the flesh of dogs fattened for the purpose, and not unfrequently a horrid repast from the body of some slaughtered enemy.

The Canadian traverses his vast forests of oak and pine in pursuit of the moose, the bear, &c., on which he principally subsists ; the Brazilian on the other hand uses little animal food. Situated in a luxuriant country, where nature pours forth her vegetable stores in the greatest abundance, his food nearly resembles that of the interior African ; while the wanderer of the bleak and inhospitable Terra del Fuego in his food differs materially from both, having neither the flesh of brutes nor the productions of the earth ; to the

ocean only, which thunders on his dreary coast, he looks for subsistence. With pleasure he devours the raw blubber from the back of the seal, or patiently broils his finny tribe, or roasts the lympit, welk, &c., at his little fire. Scarcely any thing can be more different than the aliment of these widely separated people; yet in complexion and texture of the hair they are exactly the same.

Where, then, is the influence of food, and where the influence of climate? If they have any, except in the imagination of speculative writers, why does it not operate on all mankind? Why have the natives of America one uniform complexion, though scattered through all the various climates of the habitable globe, and with every possible variety of food, while the inhabitants of the old world are supposed to vary their appearances according to their torrid or temperate situations? Why are the natives of the Owhyhee and New Zealand so exactly alike, though with seventy degrees of latitude between them, and with food so materially different; whilst the New Zealander and the native of Van Dieman's Land, situated at no great distance from each other, in exactly the same climate, and

with food not very different, are yet in externals so remarkably dissimilar ? Or why is there so strong a resemblance between the Negro on the banks of the Gambia and the native of Adventure Bay, though separated by nearly half the circumference of the globe, and though in different hemispheres, different zones, and with food so totally different ; while the Africans on each side the Senegal, the greatest breadth of which is scarcely a single mile, are yet, in complexion and texture of the hair, so strongly distinguished from each other ?

To these interrogatories what answer can be made ? That climate and food are not the causes, is, in my opinion, sufficiently evident ; but as manners, the other collateral assistant, yet remains, let us examine how far it is probable that the human frame can be affected by this supposed auxiliary. Manners, so far as they relate to human colour, can only mean that one man, or nation, from particular habits, may be more exposed to the influence of climate, or, from particular customs, more discoloured by unctuous substances than another. But whatever shade the European may acquire, whose complexion is perhaps the only one that can be mate-

rially altered ; however brown the English seaman may become by being long exposed to the glowing rays and parching coasts of Africa ; and however this tawny hue may tinge the whole surface of his body, yet, with all due submission, I would ask these celebrated advocates of climate whether this can be deemed the seaman's natural complexion ? Or whether the innate principles of colour can be in the least altered by the sun's rays ? In my opinion, this acquired tinge is merely superficial, and he can no more transmit it to his offspring, than those savages, who besmear themselves with paint of various hues, can transmit to their children party-coloured complexions ; or than the male and female Negro, painted of an European flesh colour, could beget children with European externals.

The seeds of human colour are so strongly incorporated with the stamina by the hand of nature, that I think it impossible for any external cause ever to effect a change. Male and female, of the same natural hue, will assuredly produce the same, and when of different ones, the offspring will partake in an exact degree of both. This is so fully illustrated by the various gradations of shade from white to black, which are found



among the present inhabitants of the Antilles and of Spanish America, that to enter into a minute discussion of it might be deemed unnecessary.

But by way of elucidating this part of the subject, let us for a moment imagine a few European families to have formed a settlement on the southern banks of the river Senegal ; their climate torrid, their soil luxuriant, and their food and manners exactly similar to those of the present inhabitants ; suppose them indolently reclining within their habitations, or conversing beneath the spreading branches of their enormous calabash trees during the hottest part of the day. Suppose ten, fifteen, or twenty generations to have passed away without any intermixture with their sable neighbours, then, according to the hypothesis, this difference of climate, food, and manners, would have changed the European externals into the sable complexions and woolly hair of the native Negroes. On the other hand, let us suppose a few Mandingo families to have been removed from the banks of the river Gambia to those of the Thames ; suppose their food, their employment, their dress, &c., exactly to agree with those of their surrounding neighbours ; suppose

a series of unmixed generations to have taken place ; and then, according to the above authorities, owing to the bleaching qualities of our temperate climate, our animal food, and our artificial manners, the African externals would gradually disappear, and the pure posterity of these Mandingoes would at length appear with the rosy countenances and flowing hair of the present English peasantry.

Such are the opinions of several eminent writers upon the above subject. But if on the eastern side of the North Atlantic, this difference of climate, food, and manners, can produce such a wonderful change in the colour of mankind, I again assert that the same causes should produce the same effects throughout the continent of America, and throughout the South Sea islands.

As yet it is but the voice of conjecture which asserts that Negroes removed to England would become white, and Englishmen removed to Guinea would become black : no one fact has ever been produced to corroborate this opinion, and therefore the best mode of reasoning upon this subject is from analogy.



Are not the copper-coloured race of the human species ? Are they not born ? Do they not propagate ? Do they not die ? And does not the great Emblem of Deity, the sun, dart his rays on all mankind without distinction ? Most assuredly ! Yet no degrees of heat or cold, no aliment, however various, nor manners, however dissimilar, can produce the least change in the colour of the native American, nor in the colour of the South Sea islander ; nor, I firmly believe, for the reasons already advanced, in the colour of any other family of the human species.

But fearful of becoming tedious, I shall conclude with observing, that though a variety of conjectures have been formed concerning the primitive colour of mankind ; yet whether Noah was white, according to Buffon, or copper-coloured, according to Clarkson, is no part of the present inquiry : some colour the Antedeluvian must have had ; and the question is, if we are all his descendants, what cause or causes can be assigned for that amazing variety which is, at present, observable among the different tenants of the universe ?

The seat of colour is extremely well known ; but why the matter lodged in the cuticle of one human being should be white, in another black, in a third copper-coloured, &c. is the phenomenon yet to be accounted for ; and while the learned authorities have in general ascribed it to climate, food, and manners, I have endeavoured to refute their observations, though without assigning any other cause for this amazing difference of mankind, than the will of that Being who rules over heaven, earth, and sea, and on whom our *mental* sight can no more steadily gaze, than our corporeal one on the glaring splendour of a torrid meridian sun.

## AN EPISTLE

TO EDWARD RUSHTON ;

Who, like Milton, deprived of the Blessing of Sight, like him, is  
favoured with the Visits of the Muse, and, like him, glows with  
an ardent LOVE OF LIBERTY.

---

BY WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

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O THOU ! whose mental eye, with keen survey,  
Beholds, undazzled, truth's resplendent ray,  
(Blest boon ! descending from the source of light  
To cheer the darkness of corporeal night) :  
Thou, whose firm soul no shape of fear appals,  
No whispering interest sways when duty calls ;  
Whose heart indignant swells with honest rage,  
While injured millions all thy thoughts engage ;  
While tyrants, titled or untitled, join  
Man's sacred rights to ravish or purloin ;  
Thou, whose cheek feels the flush of virtuous shame,  
When Priestcraft libels the Eternal's name ;

When false religion forms the galling chain,  
 Inflicts the wrong, and joins oppression's train,  
 Share my bold flight whilst I attempt to scan  
 Those awful scenes which fix the fate of man.

Yes ! *awful* scenes ; that shew in doubtful fight  
 The powers of darkness 'gainst the powers of light.  
 —Yes ! *awful* scenes ; where agonizing throes  
 Of pregnant freedom break the world's repose ;  
 Where keen impatience rends the sons of earth,  
 While all, on tiptoe, wait the promised birth ;  
 While all expect, by hope or fear beguiled,  
 A vile abortion or a faultless child.

In self concentrated, shall the human mind  
 Wish God's best blessings to one spot confined ?  
 As dull Batavia's sons, in eastern isles,  
 With hearts contracted and with selfish smiles,  
 Kind to themselves alone, collect the store,  
 And burn vast remnants on the spicy shore ;  
 Shall Britain's sons, to Freedom once so true,  
 With jealous eyes her glorious progress view,  
 Grudge the rich gifts which new-born nations bless,  
 And, spread through earth, would make their stores no less ?

If, fainting in the sultry blaze of day,  
 'Cross Arab wilds we urged our thirsty way,  
 And favouring heaven our weary steps should guide,  
 Where the stream murmurs down the mountain's side,  
 Say, should we rush in fury on the band,  
 Whose glittering sabres guard the moisten'd sand ?  
 Ah ! who could tamely bear the dreadful thought  
 Of turning back to die by quenchless drought ?

Britons, beware ! 'tis God's all-righteous voice,  
 " Let man in human happiness rejoice,  
 " Learn his own wishes and his wants to scan,  
 " And grant those wishes to his fellow man."  
 Britons, beware ! nor cross the fates that bring  
 The weary wretch to drink of Freedom's spring.

If then, with soul regenerate, the Gaul  
 Break his vile chains at freedom's powerful call,  
 Root from their base the melancholy towers,  
 Where the pale captive cursed the lingering hours ;  
 Where madness lour'd in every living tomb,  
 And silence brooded o'er the fearful gloom  
 (Save when the deep-toned bell, with solemn toll,  
 To deeper sorrows sunk the fainting soul) ;  
 Where cruel caution watch'd the vital breath,  
 And wild distraction raved in vain for death—  
 Lives there a man who blames the noble deed,  
 Whose anger swells to see a nation freed ?  
 Ye fates ! immure him in some dungeon drear,  
 'Till nature cries within him " Freedom's dear."

Or are there, awed by Truth's illustrious rays,  
 Who dare not blame, yet yield extorted praise ;  
 Whose selfish bosoms damn the glorious cause,  
 While jealous envy dictates half-applause ?  
 Gall'd by oppression's fetters may they groan,  
 And judge a brother's feelings by their own.

Friends of the human race ! whose souls refined  
 Through earth expansive, feel for all mankind,  
 Attuned to pity, hear the shriek of woe  
 Wafted from Afric's sands or Zembla's snow,

Or chord responsive, while the cheering tale  
 Of human bliss swells every varying gale—  
 Give, give a loose to joy, and bless the day  
 When Louis bent beneath the people's sway,  
 Fix'd the proud apex of the wonderous plan,  
 Built on the broadest base,—*the eternal Rights of Man.*

Illustrious band ! that rear'd this mighty frame,  
 What verse can duly celebrate your name ?  
 What power of words can reach the theme sublime,  
 A theme unequall'd in the rolls of time ?  
 Language is weak—let nature sound your praise,  
 While millions, rescued from oppression, raise  
 The loud acclaim of joy, and bend the knee  
 To bless the men who taught them—to be free—  
 The wretch condemn'd to please some titled whore,  
 To pine in misery on a foreign shore,  
 Waked to new life, shall swell the grateful throng,  
 Shall tune to gratitude the patriot song,  
 And teach his listening sons, with youthful fire,  
 To bless the men who saved their injured sire.  
 Tyrants, foreboding that propitious hour,  
 When suffering slaves shall spurn at lawless power,  
 Scared at your names, confess their rooted hate,  
 And tremble 'midst the pageantry of state.  
 Dread persecution shakes his shaggy mane,  
 And in grim fury gnaws his shorten'd chain.  
 He growls indignant in the massy cage,  
 Raised by your hands to circumscribe his rage.  
 Growls to your praise—for truth's keen touch will find  
 Your foes the deadliest foes of human kind.  
 With sombre pinions and discordant cry,  
 Fanatic fury sweeps along the sky.

In bootless rage her blood-stain'd eye-balls roll,  
 And speak the malice of her secret soul.  
 Scared at the beam of freedom's heavenly light,  
 The indignant dæmon wings her heavy flight ;  
 Oft looks behind, and risks a short delay,  
 In hopes, once more, to snuff her wonted prey.  
 Vain every hope ! she mourns her palsied power,  
 And with loud curses quits your happy shore.

But, ah ! black venom rankling in her breast,  
 O'er Albion soars the execrated pest ;  
 'Tis she—dark vapour shrouds her as she flies,  
 And pestilential blasts corrupt the skies ;  
 Swell after swell her clarion sounds afar,  
 The horrific signal of religious war.  
 Roused by the lengthen'd blast, a ruthless band  
 Deal wild destruction round the frightened land.

Lo ! wandering in the dismal gloom of night,  
 The guiltless victim speeds his trembling flight,  
 While sounds of riot rend the troubled air,  
 With aching heart he marks the fiery glare,  
 Then thinks, with anguish, on his loved retreat  
 Of purest bliss, domestic joy, the seat ;  
 Towards the dear spot he casts an anxious gaze,  
 And sees it sinking in the general blaze.

Thus wanders he,\* the pride of human kind,  
 The daring champion of the free-born mind ;—  
 Thus wanders he, to truth for ever dear,  
 In virtue's cause who knew not how to fear.

\* Dr. Priestley.



He, for whom learning op'd her amplest store,  
 Whom science taught on eagle wing to soar ;  
 Pure as the precept from his lips that flow'd,  
 The friend of man, the minister of God ;  
 He, dogg'd by priests, fell murder's destined prey,  
 Darkling and houseless speeds his weary way.

Oh ! shame to Britons, whose illustrious sires  
 So sternly guarded freedom's sacred fires.  
 Oh ! shame to those who, nursed in ease and pride,  
 Fain would forge chains for all the world beside ;  
 Those who, in mean contraction of the mind,  
 Wish Freedom's blessings to themselves confined.

But vain their wish—earth hears the high decree,  
 “ Be man enlighten'd, and be nations free.”  
 France sounds the alarm, 'tis heard from pole to pole,  
 And wakes to action every generous soul.  
 In vain shall tyrants league their dogs of war,  
 The noblest work of human hands to mar ;  
 In vain shall Priests, who mourn their gainful trade,  
 With devilish arts excite the mad crusade ;  
 When freedom once has touch'd the human breast,  
 There will she settle—a perpetual guest.

Then, O ye scourges of the nations ! say  
 What earthly power her glorious course shall stay ?  
 What arm of flesh can subjugate the brave,  
 Whose dearest wish is “ Freedom or the Grave ?”  
 Sustain'd by hearts unknowing how to yield,  
 True to their rights, they dare the unequal field.  
 Proud tyrants fall before the patriot train,  
 While hostile myriads strew the ensanguined plain.



So when the Belgians fence the barren strand,  
Trench on old ocean, and protrude the land,  
The fretted seas in wild commotion roar,  
And dash incessant on the usurping shore :  
Till, when black clouds the face of heaven deform,  
And screaming sea-fowl shoot athwart the storm,  
Uprouse the waves, and with concentrated force,  
Through the vast rampire urge their whelming course ;  
O'er the huge mass are spread the watery plains,  
And not a trace of all its pride remains.

*The following animated Apostrophe to the Memory of Mr. Rushton, is extracted from a Volume of Poems, published by Mr. Thomas Noble, of Liverpool, in 1821.*

The MAN, to whose memory these lines are a sincere tribute, united, in a perfection of which there are few examples, those distinguishing characteristics of a *reasoning, sensitive* being, *FOR-TITUDE* and *AFFECTION*. His *mind* and his *heart* were equally capacious: the former, endowed with activity and energy of thought, was 'comprehensive of' every moral and political truth; the latter, excited by the purest benevolence, was ardent in domestic love;—open, liberal, and independent, in social intercourse;—boundless in devotion to the freedom and welfare of mankind! His soul had an elasticity of temperament, which not bodily infirmity, nor misfortune, nor even affliction, could subdue. It was this, his elasticity of soul, that has imparted to his poetic compositions an unabating vigour of expression. With indignation against the oppressors of mankind, the perverters of intellect, the subjugators of reason, the violators of humble affection, and the plunderers of industry, he, who " 'midst clouds of utter night," well knew " what mournful moments wait the blind,"\* poured forth, from his luminous and contemplative mind, eloquent strains of reproof, of commiseration, of hope to the wretched, and of freedom to the enslaved! I knew him for little more than three years; but it required only to know him once, to esteem him for ever! The generous liberality of his

\* *Vide Poems, page 22.*

opinions proved, in an instant, the extent, as well as the strength, of the principles on which they were founded. For my own part, I felt immediately convinced that he had taken his stand with TRUTH, and that he had tenacity of mind ever to abide by her. I was not deceived: *what* he was one day, *that* he was continually. Had he lived, my esteem for him could not have increased. In his death, what an example of sincerity, energy, and independence, have not I, and all who knew him, to deplore !



IS there a spot to thee, O FREEDOM, known,  
That owns no altar, and that dreads no throne ?  
Where servile *men* to tyrant *man* ne'er bend,  
Nor *mock* the God they cannot *comprehend* ?—  
Is there a spot uncurst by martial fame,  
Where Conquest never cast its meteor flame,—  
Where mighty heroes would be paltry things,  
And thrown, unnamed, aside with slaves and kings ?—

Is there a spot that priests could never stain,  
Making the nat'ral awe in man their gain,—  
Where man from man no mystic faith receives,  
But trusts the *Cause unknown*, by which he lives ?—  
Is there a spot, where man's unclouded mind,  
Conscious of social bonds that blend his kind,

Frames, firm in all his rights, the law that sways,  
Is independent still, and still obeys ?

O ! in that spot, let FREEDOM'S vot'ries place  
A column on an adamantine base !  
'Gainst its firm shaft, let INDEPENDENCE stand,  
Our RUSHTON'S lyre, eternal, in his hand !  
Oft from its chords a deep and daring sound  
Shall burst upon the wretched nations round,  
Till, startled slaves th' arousing thunder hear,  
And kings, 'mid all their glittering armies, fear ;  
Till priests, gods, demons, dread awak'ning mind,  
And stand no more 'twixt NATURE and MANKIND !

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RUSHTON AND MELLING, PRINTERS.





